

THE
Seven Champions
of Christendome.

Acted at the *Cocke-pit*, and at the
Red-Bull in *St. Johns* Streete,
with a generall liking,

And never Printed till this
Yeare 1638.

Written by *J. Kirke*



LONDON:

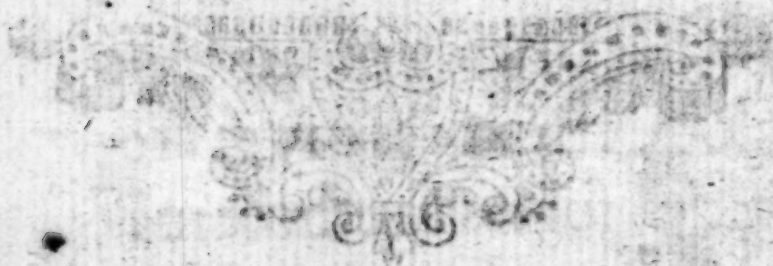
Printed by *J. Oker*, and are to be
sold by *James Becket* at his Shop in the
Inner Temple Gate. 1638.

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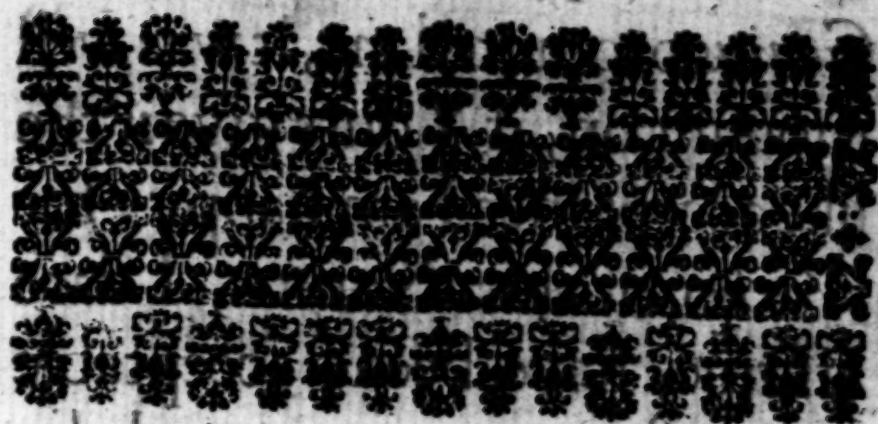
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Inner Temple Lane. 1638.



To his much re-
spected and worthy

Friend Master JOHN
WATTE.

Sir,

Hinking of amends
to expres my grate-
fulness for thole ma-
ny Favours You
have shown me; I could pitch on
no other more fit than this my

first

A 3

Genius

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Genius prompted me, it was well
thought on, if Yours give it the
like acceptance I am happy : for
Worker of this Nature, I dare
affirme, have beene acceptable
to most men, contemn'd by
few, unlesse it bee those of the
more *Stoicall* disposition, whose
rigid *Fronts* cry downe all things,
but what themselves approve
of. For this *Worke* of it selfe, I
may say thus much without
blushing, it received the rights
of a good Play, when it was
Acted, which were Applauses &
Commendations, whether it
merited them or not, I leave to
your Judgement: the Nature of
the *Worke*, being *History*; it con-
sists

The Epistle Dedicatory.

consists of many parts, not walking
in one direct path, of *Comedy*, or
Tragedy, but having a larger field
to trace, which me thinks should
yeeld more pleasure to the Rea-
der, *Novelty* and *Variety* being
the only Objects these our *Times*
are taken with; the *Tragedy* may
be too dull and solid, the *Comedy*
too sharpe and bitter; but a well
mixt portion of either, doubt-
lesse would make the sweetest
harmony. But this *Worke* as it is,
and my wishes that all defects in
it, to my desires, and your con-
tent were supplide, I commend
to your perusall, my selfe, it, and
resting, to bee commanded by
you in all friendly Offices,



The Actors Names.

St. George of England.

James of Spaine.

Anthony of Italy.

Andrew of Scotland.

Patrick of Ireland.

David of Wales.

Denis of France.

Tarpax the Divell.

The Emperour of Trebizand.

Ancetes.

Almeno.

Lenon.

The King of Tartary.

Ormandor, a Magician.

2 Lords his friends.

Argalio, an Inchanter.

Leonides, his friend.

The seven Champions.

Brandron, the Giant.

King of Macedon.

Suckabus, the Clowne.

Violeta, the Princeesse.

Carintha her maid.

Three Daughters to Macedon.

Calib, the Witch.

Three Spirits.

Three attendants on the Emperour.

Three Shepheards.

A priest of Pan.

Three messengers.

Two armed Knights.

Three Ghosts ; the Father,

Mother, and Sister of Leonides.



The seven Champions of Christendome.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Thunder and Lightning : Enter Calib the Witch.

Calib.

HA, lowder a little ; so, that burst was well I :
Agen, ha, ha ; house, house your heads you feare-
Stroke mortal fooles ; when *Calibs* consort plaies
A Huntse-up to her, how rarely doth it languell
In mine eares ? these are mine Organs,
The Toad, the Batte, the Raven, and the fell whissling bird,
Are all my anthum singing Quiresters ;
Such saplesse rootes, and livelesse witherd woods
Are pleasanter to me, than to behold the jocund
Month of *May*, in whose greene head of youth,
The amorous *Flora* strowes her various flowers,

B

And

The Seven Champions

And smiles to see how brave she has deckt her girle :
But passe we *May*, as game for fangled fooles,
That dares not set a foote in Arts darke secret,
And bewitching path as *Calib* has.
Here is my mansion, within the rugged bowels of this Cave,
This cragge, this Cliffe, this denne, which to behold
Would freeze to Ice the hissing tramels of *Medusa* :
Yet here inthron'd I sit, more richer in my Spels
And potent charmes, than is the stately mountaine
Queene, drest with the beauty of her sparkling jems,
To vie a lustre 'gainst the heavenly Lampes :
But we are funke in these Antipades, so choakt
With darknesse in great *Calibs* Cave, that it can
Stifle day, it can and shall, for we doe loath
The light, and as our deedes are blacke we hug the night.
But wheres this boy, my *George*, my love, my life,
Whom *Calib* lately doates on more than life :
I must not have him wander from my love, further than
Sommons of my eye or becke can call him back agen :
But 'tis my fiend gotten, & deformed issue that misleads him,
For which, Ile rappe him in a storme of haile, and dash him
'Gainst the pavement on the rocky den :
He must not lead my joy astray from me ;
The Parents of that boy begetting him,
Begot and boare the issue of their deaths, which done,
The child I stole, thinking alone to triumph in his death,
And bathe my body in his popular gore ;
But Dove-like nature favoured so the child, that *Calibs* killing
Knife fell from her hand, and stead of stabs I kist
I kist the red lipt boy, and since have brought him up,
Cope mate, and fellow with my owne sweete sonne :
And now the boy desires to know, what *Calib*
Hath so long conceal'd from him, his parentage,
Which still I must, as I have done, put off,
And cast some pleasing games to file that question
Out of his thoughts :
His heart soares high, fame on his temple plaies,

And

Of Christendome.

And *Calib* feares her death by *Autumns* day;
For which my light wing'd spirit of the Aire
Grand *Tarpax*, prince of the grisly North;
What, ho *Tarpax*, obey my charmes,
And with the Steele tipt pinions of thy wings,
Cut through the Clouds and flye unto thy *Calib*.

Thunder and Lightning: Tarpax descends.

Tar. No more my *Calib*, see thy *Tarpax* comes,
More swifter than the motive of an eye,
Mounted on wings swift as a thought
I flye unto my Mistress: now, what wouldst thou?

Calib. Be full resolv'd of feare, struck suddain doubts:
Age makes my spanne of dayes seeme but an inch,
And snowes, like cold *December*, on my heart:
See how I tremble *Tarpax*, as doth the listning Hart,
When he heares the feather'd arrowes sing his funeral dirge.

Tar. Name what afflicts my love.

Calib. But will my *Tarpax* tell me?

Tar. Both must and will.

Calib. When must I dye then? when must *Calibs* life
Be backe surrender'd by the hands of death?

Age can no longer to me subsistence give:

My Taper hath watcht long, when will it out?

Performe no flattering part for to delude me:

When? ha, when my *Tarpax*?

Tar. Fates keepe unknowne from spirits those last times
Of dayes and houres: yet can I riddle out a prophetic,
Which if my *Calib* well observe and keepe
Thy time may farther runne, death stay his sleepe.

Calib. Say on sweet *Tarpax*.

Tar. Whilst *Calib* in her powerfull hand
Holds fast her powerfull art,
So long may *Calib* by her power,
Command Death hold his Dart.

The Seven Champions

*But when fond Love by dotage shall,
Blindfold wise Calibs eyes,
With that great power she did command,
The great Inchantresse dies.*

Cal. Ha, ha, ha; and when will that be *Tarpax*?
Vanish like smoake, my feare, come kisse me my Love,
Thou hast earn'd thy breakefast Chuck; here suck thy fill.

Clowne within.

Clow. Illo ho, ho Illo.

Tar. What mortall's that disturbs us?
Shall I blast him?

Cal. Hold my Love, 'tis *Suckabus* our sonne; fall off.

Tar. The foole nere saw his Father yet,
Make us acquainted. *Enter foole bloody.*

Clow. So ho, ho; Mother, Mother.

Cal. Defend me *Tarpax*: what doth ayle the boy?

Clow. Ale? no mother; I am neither in Ale nor Beere,
Nor no such graine-tub, peasanticall Element:
My Hogshead runnes Alegant, and your Nursling broacht it.

Cal. Hath *George* done this? Slave, thou lyeest:
Goe call him hither.

Clow. Mother, no more such words, my blood's up,
And I am apt for Rebellion; and you know
A Souldiers Latin for the Lye, is the stab.

Tar. Hold villaine, what resist thy mother?

Clow. Oh Lord, helpe me *George, George, nursling George.*

Cal. Villaine come back,
I'lle toss thee in a whirle-winde i'th' ayre else:
Come back I say, and learne to put on duty.

There stands your fire, you Cur; kneele for a benediction.

Clow. Hold your hand Mother, I have no mind to be made
a Buzzard, nor flye like an Owle i'th' ayre, or mount like a
Kite over Townes and Citties for carrion, without any bi-
ding place. Where my father is I know not, but the like-
nesse of our persons shews me a Pig of your owne farrow.

Tar. I am thy Father *Suckabus*.

Clow. You may be the Divell for ought I know,

For

Of Christendome.

For you are neither like my Mother, nor me.

Cal. Cast feare and wonder off my boy,
This is thy Father, and a potent spirit,
Prince of the grisly North, that muffles us, and tyes,
And also unties the fiery rude band og *Boreas* :
Then, as becomes thee, shew thy reverence to him.

Clow. Why now I am satisf'd ; could not you have said
this before, Pray father, pray the devill to blesse me, and make
me a man like my mother : So be it.

Both. Our blessings on our Child.

Clow. But doe you heare Father, if you be a Prince, I must
be a Lord, or an Earle, or a devillish Duke, or somewhat.

Tar. Thou art by birth Duke of *Styx*, *Sulpher*, & *Helvetia*.

Clow. O brave, o brave, Duke of *Styx*, *Sulpher*, & *Helvetia* ?
Pray father, what Title hath my Mother ?

Tar. Queene of *Limboni*, and Dutchesse of *Witchcordia*.

Clow. I thought so, I told my Mother shee lookt like a
Witch a great while agoe : a poxe on't, I knew it : but doe
you heare mother, were not you one of the Cats that drunke
up the Millers Ale in *Lancashire* Wind-mills ?

Cal. Peace fir, begon, goe seeke out *George*,
And bring him to me presently.

Clow. Must I call *George* agen ? Then (I feare) I shall get
another broken pate, before I get a playster for this : for wee
doe nothing in the world but fight ; he kills me two or three
times in an houre : he playes a Knight in Armour, and I a
Lady ; that he fights with a great Tree for, and winnes me
from it : then I play a Gyant, and he kills me ; then a Boare,
and he kills me agen ; then an enchanted Castle, and then my
stones goe to rack ; then a Lyon, and then hee pulls out my
heart.

Cal. Then an Ass fir. *Horne within.*

Clow. Right, and there he kills me agen :
But Mother, *George* is come, I heare his Horne.

Cal. Into my Cave my *Tarpax*, take my sonne with thee,
I'll have a little conference with *George*. *Exit.*

Enter George.

Welcome my *George*, my joy, my love, my life,

The Seven Champions

My soules sole darling, and my fancies doting
Commander of great *Calib*, and her power;
Why does those eyes, the lights of *Calib*'s Cell,
Shoote their illustrious splendor on the Earth,
And not shine upwards as they were wont to doe?
Why doe those Armes thus twine into a locke,
As if dispaire had seiz'd upon thy thoughts,
And blasted quite the flower of thy youth?
Speake my lov'd Nurfling, can *Calib* give thee ease?

Geo. You may, you can.

Cal. Why then before I will:
Let day-light shine then, and expell those clouds,
For here I vow, by that infernall power,
By whom I may command to grant what ere it be,
Thy full demand, not dangering of our selfe.

Geo. I wish it not, but so much love
To my kind Nurse, as shews a tender mother
To her Child, when she first blesses him
After a long absence.

Cal. This stronger ties our love; thy demand?

Geo. Then thus: Although I want no Parent in your selfe,
By your kind fostering and indulgency:
Be not offended, that I here renew my former suite,
Which though so long put by,
Your Oath stands now unto me for to grant.

Cal. Say on.

Geo. The knowledge of my Parents, that by them
I may not be a stranger to my selfe.

Cal. That string's not out of Tune, yet still 'tis toucht,
And I no longer now can put him off:

George, you shall; your suit is granted;
But this condition I must have ye scale to,
And then we will deliver eithers deed.

Geo. 'Tis granted.

Calib. Then know sweet boy that *Calib* loves thee deare,
Witnesse my pittie on thee at thy birth,
When thy adulterous mother cast thee off,

As

Of Christendome.

As fearefull least their close lascivious sinne
Should play the tell-tale of them to the worlds;
Wherefore thy Mother strove by Art to kill thee,
Even in thy first conception, but till my charmes
I mixt amongst her drugges, whose greater poyson
Prov'd thy Antidotes, kild what should kill,
And in the Casket safe preserv'd my jemme.

Georg. O my unhappy Fate! am I a Bastard then?

Calib. Giv't not so grosse a title, but list a little more:
Thy mother saw the more she strove to kill,
The more thou quicknest, and grewst stronger still,
Gave ore the child-bane pills, and from the worlds
Quicke censuring, screen'd up the knowledge by obscurity,
Save unto me, the closet of her thoughts,
And an attendant hand-maid. But to be briefe,
Maturity being to ripenesse growne,
I plaide *Lucias* part, and snatcht thee
From the knife, aim'd at thy heart; thus having sav'd
Thee, going from thy unnaturall Damme
I bare thee to lifes safety; and since
Thou hast a tongue to speake how I have us'd thee.

George. Both Nurse and Mother, my duty,
With my thanks gives it acknowledgement;
But could my mother, finding painfull throwes,
Through which I hastned to give her ease,
Before my tender eyes did ope to see the world,
Seek to intombe me up agen?

Calib. Urge it no more, she did.

George. Were they asham'd of their owne worke?
How were they tited, Base or Noble pray?

Calib. Base, and Noble too:
Both base by thee, but noble by descent;
And thou got base, yet maist thou write true gent:
No furt her satisfaction seek to know,
I call thee *George*, thy surname I must not shew.

George. I have enough:
Ime glad I soare above the common wing,

Both

The seven Champions

Both base and noble too, they are bloods that keepe
Two currents in my veines, but they must meete;
Smile honour and assist mee,
Let me thy foote-steppes trace,
My noble deedes shall purge the blood that's base.

Calib. I feare I have said too much:

Come *George* for mee.

George. I am ready mother; farewell the name of Nurse:
Speake, and I grant.

Calib. Then thus my *George*;

Thou yet art but an *April* tender bud:

Before that Month in thee be quite expired

Looke for thy Mother here, an *Autumne* shaken

Leafe, and false to th' earth, dead and forgot;

Now if thou lov'st me, as I hope thou dost, (earth,

Stay but a little, next puffe of winde makes me but kisse the

And thou hast freedome; say, is it done?

Georg. My teares deliver't as my deede; 'tis done.

Calib. That's my sweete boy; and now to give thee further
Triall of my love, to thee alone the ransome shall belong

Of sixe obscur'd Champions in my cave, a fight

Thou never yet beheldst, my loving boy:

Tarpax bring forth those daring Champions

That were sent to kill great *Calib*,

And confound my charme.

Oh they are come: This is, my *George*, the fiery youth of *Spain*,

Cal'd by the name of *James*: this *Anthony* of *Italy*:

This the brave Northerne Knight, brave *Andrew*:

This *Ireland's* *Patrick*: *Brittaines* *David* this:

And this the lively briske crosse capring *French* man *Denis*:

There take 'em to thee, use em as thou please;

Their armour and their weapons too are thine:

With which the feare-crowes came to fright us hence.

Georg. A fight would pierce a rocke,

Goodly shapt persons, how I suffer for them?

But yet I must dissemble love and pittie:

Are these 'em Mother? take them away,

Both

They

Of Christendome.

They have beene us'd too well, wee'le thinke
Of harder paine and courser fare.

Calib. Thats my best *George*, take this charming wand;
Make tryall of it then against this rocke,
And with once waving it about thy head,
The mortis sinnewed stones shall cleave in sunder,
And gape like an insatiate grave, to swallow up what's theron:
And doe but wish that it should close agen,
Give but the other wave, and it is done:
There *George* I give it thee.

Georg. Thankes loving Mother.

Calib. Ha, 'twas *Tarpax* voyce.

Tar. Foole, foole, *Calib* foole.

Calib. O my feare strooke shaken heart.

Georg. What ailes my mother?

Calib. Nay, nothing *George*: I must a while retire;
Be not you absent, a minutes
Space shall send me back agen.

Exit.

George. Though borne in bastardy, how happy was my fate,
In this good *Calib*; she's cruell unto others,
And few or none, whose foote doe chance to stray
Neare the abiding of this great inchantresse,
But deaths therein, to which they travaile to.
A world of fancies dance about my braines,
And shapes me thoughts, which saies I am no bastard:
Or what a warre my selfe hath with my selfe,
And spurres me on to know what Fate denies me:
She told me too my Parentage was noble,
But name and Title she obscur'd from mee:
How, or which way; oh I hav't, I will make tryall
Of her sorcery: she said, what I desir'd to see or know,
This rod wave 'bout my head should amplifie:
Take courage *George* then, though they lov'd not thee,
Yet thus I doe desire their shapes to see.
Defend me all you ministers of grace.

C

Thunder

The Seven Champions

Thunder and Lightning, then soft musick

*Enter the ghost of Georges father
and mother.*

Fath. George. Moth. George.

Geo. I answer to that name: say on.

Fath. Then first to settle these thy wandering thoughts,
Thou art our sonne, truly legitimate;
Vomit the thought of Bastard, thou art none,
But heire to the Earle of *Cowentry.*

Geo. O say, resolve me compleat shadows of my Parents,
Vpon my knees with Reverence I bow, tell me, oh tell me,
Since from your ayrie shapes I heare both sound & voice
Adde to distressed *George* a second birth and life,
In saying that yee live.

Fath. O no. *Moth.* O No.

Geo. How soone fresh flowers fall, which now did grow.

Fath. Delay not long thy Parents rest my *George*,
Heare a brieft story, and then send me hence:
Know then that cursed *Calib*, which now doats on thee,
Did not at first doe so, but poison'd us,
And fled with thee away unto that Cell of horror,
Secur'd by her enchantments from all danger,
Then hir intents not satisfied with both our lives,
Began to prey on thine; but pittie, spight of Hell,
Flew from thine eyes, and overthrew the Murtheresse black in-
That since th'ast liv'd in love and favour with her.
But now be wise, her power is in thy hand,
Oh then be swift, be swift to execute
Thy Parents murder on the damnd witch:
That done, redeeme the Christian Champions, go with them,
Her Cave is not unfurnisht of rich Armes;
Fame holds the Christian Trophy thou must beare,
Englands Red Crosse shall *George*, then *St. George* weare,
That summond us, back sends us: *George* waite thy wand.

Geo. Farewell.

Both. Farewell deare son.

Thunder & lightning.

Geo. Go rest, go rest sweet shadows, be no more disturb'd,
All

Of Christendome.

All my sick passions, that late were scatter'd with
My troubled thoughts, are re-united in this little Orbe:
But for this *Calib*, this accursed *Hagge*,
Whose deeds are blacker than her tempting tutors,
Revenge hath fill'd her cup unto the brim,
And she shall quaffe her foule soules black perdition.

Both. Protract not *George*, we rest not till she dies.

Geo. No more, no more, revenge like lightning flies. *Exit.*

*A noise within : Enter Witch, Tarpax, with other spirits
arm'd, Clowne with them, Thundring and Lightning.*

Cal. Shield me my *Tarpax* from the furious boy,
That hurries to my death more swifter
Than the hot fiery Steeds, that threw
Ambitious *Phaeton* from his pride: defend me then.

Tar; Calib, we cannot.
Thy power's extinct, and thou thy selfe must fall:
Did dotage on thy Deaths-man blind thee so,
To give thy safe protection and thy power to him?
Now arm'd with both, comes to destroy thee.
Fie *Calib*, fie, could not the Riddle which I read to thee,
When thou desired'st the knowledge of thy doome,
Forewarne thee then? Prepare, he comes.

Cal. Hell and confusion.

Tar. I, confusion comes.

Cal. How comes he? arm'd?

Tar. One hand thy power, the other beares a Falchion.

Cal. Oh gentle *Tarpax*, numbe his sences so,
That he forget the power of his wand, we may be safe.

Tar. He comes, he comes.

Cal. Circle me round, and keepe him off a while,
Whilst on the outside of this Rocke I climbe
Vp by the crags unto the top.

*Thundring & lightning : Enter George in a fury,
the spirits keepe him backe.*

Geo. Have I found thee witch?

The Seven Champions

I'le not be long from thy accursed heart ;
The bastard, hagge, is prov'd legitimate heire
To great *Coventry*, whom thou, thou devill,
Worse than those that guard thee, murther'd.
But in despight of all thy hellish hoast,
Who faint against the justice of my caule,
I thus assay thee.

Tar. Thus we defend her.

Cal. Fight sweet spirits, fight, kill but that boy,
I'le let ope Rivers of my blood to you,
And you shall drinke your fill.

Geo. This instrument is not of power to deale with fiends.

Cal. Destroy him *Tarpax*, let not the villaine breath.

Geo. I will make tryall of this other toole.

Tar. *Calib* farwell, we can no longer stay,
Wee'le meete thee strait in flames, our joviall day.

Cal. Now cleaves the Rock, and I doe sinke to Hell ;
Roare wind, clap Thunder for great *Calibs* knell.

Musick : the Rocke cleaves, she sinkes ; thunder & lightning.

Geo. Sinke downe unto thy black infernall fellows hagge.
This messenger assures me Heaven's pleas'd,
At whose sweet ayre the other ayre dissolves,
And all the black enchanted vapours heft cast up,
Descends to make her night more horrid there :
And now those woods that were so long choak't up
With Hells black sulphur and disastrous fumes,
Give welcome to the golden eye of day,
As a most cheerefull and blest visitant.
But stay a little, all is not firmly finisht,
There is an unlickt lumpe of hers remains,

Suckabus her son : oh are ye there sir ? Come, prepare ye.

Clow. Alas sir, what to doe ?

Geo. To make a brand for the devills fire :
I'le cut your throat, and send you thither strait.

Clow. I doe beseech you sir, have no compassion on me,
And let me live with you :

There be Cookes enough in hell without me,

Their

Of Christendome.

Their roast-meate is too hot for my fingers,
I shall never be able to licke 'em ; I had rather be
Your Scullian here, than Cooke Ruffian there :
I beseech you take pittie on me a Motherlesse child,
Let me live with you sir, and *Suckabus* shall suck
Out his owne heart to doe you any pleasure.

Geo. Well, take thy life, be faithfull in my service,
Thy Mothers sin hath perisht with her life :
Learne thou by her example then to shun it,
Be my attendant still and follow me.

Clown. I thanke you sir, and for this life that you have sav'd,
Thinke it no life, for it is not ; you may command,
And have it when you please ; and I'll be as firme to you
As fire in water, as tender as the Foxe o're the Goose,
Or the Wolfe o're the Lambe ; when you are most
In any danger , I'll be farthest off from yee ;
Disobey your commands, and keepe your secrets like a cryer,
Or anything else I can doe for you.

Geo. Well sir, wee'll conster your good meaning,
I long to be in armour, mounted on a Steed,
To scuffle with black danger and her bug-beares :
First Ile set free those Knights, and cherish them ;
Then see how long lost armour sits upon their backs,
That done to Armes, to hunt out Honours game,
For *George* is no *George* till I purchase fame.

Exit.

As they go off, Tarpax comes in, and beckons to the Clowne.

Tar. Ilko hilt, *Suckabus* come hither.

Clowne. I cannot ; doe not you see my Master gone before?
I am now bound, and must obey, must follow after :
You have fry'd my mother in stekes by this time,
And you would have my Lambe stones and sweet-bread
To inch out your commons.

Tar. Come backe, or I will force thee.

Clowne. Sfoote Ile set all the prentises in the house about
your eares if you strike me, besides the Law my Master shall
take

The Seven Champions

take of yee ; but now I remember Club-Law is better : for they love your Angels so wel there's no pleading against you.

Tarp. My Angels slave ?

Clown. Why any bodies , yours, or the Divells, all's one to them, so they have 'em : but now the humour has tooke me to come backe; what is your pleasure ?

Tar. Onely a short remembrance of your duty, With an acknowledgement you have a father, and al's done: My blessing shall attend thee.

Clowne. Let me first know, whether I have a mother or no, for mothers have so often belide the childes father, that I am very doubtfull whether ever I had any.

Tar. Cast off those doubts then, I am thy Father, *Calib* was thy mother , was? nay is, Though strange it seemes to thee, Earth was too base to hold so great a *Queene* : Didst thou not note the love 'twixt *George* and she ?

Clowne. Nay truely Father I did note something, but I cannot say directly what it was.

Tar. 'Twas love, great love betwixt 'em boy, But in the bottome of their honey cup I mixt A little dregges of bitter gall , which straight Converted all their love to hate, and in that hate, That *George*, thy master, sought her death: But by my power I clave the rocke in twaine, Whole carefull subjects underneath were ready To catch her in their armes, who when they had her; Those flames ascending up, which put such horreur into her, Were Bone-fires of their joy and loving hearts.

Clowne. O that I were there to leape over one of them.

Tar. I, they would make thee leap.

Clowne. And I am old dogge at that 'yfaith.

Tar. And now thy mother's in my Kingdome, boy, By this time crown'd with their applausive Shouts, *Queene of Helvetia*.

Clowne. O my sweet Mother:

Well, Ile but serve my time out, and come home to you: you have

Of Christendome.

have staid me something long Father, I must goe eat a dish
of Trotters to my breakfast, I shall hardly overtake my
Master else.

Tar. Observe this fatherly instruction first :
Thou art to travaile with thy Master, boy,
Through perrilous adventures, all sorts of
Countries, fashions, garbes and manners,
Thou must observe thou art effeminate in shape and favour,
Iust thy sweete mothers, sweete hūd faire Effigies,
Fram'd to make women doate and flye
To thee ; refuse 'em not, take all that comes,
Increase the world like one of *Tarpax* sonnes.

Clowne. As long as my backe will hold let me alone.

Tarp. And when thou com'st in company of men,
What ere they be, refuse not what they do ;
If they quaffe Wine by Gallons, do so too :
Or cloud the aire with *India's* precious weede,
Kindle that fuell ; let thy Chimny smoak too.

Clowne. Like a Fury.

Tarp. Swallow no wrong, stabbe if they give the lie ;
Swear and forswear ; the rules of galantry.

Clowne. If e're a Knight of the Post mend me for that,
hang me.

Tar. Lye to get profit ; borrow, pay no debts,
Cheat and purloyn, thy are gaming, Dicers bets.

Clowne. If *Corryington* out doe me Ile be whipt.

Tar. Love ease and sleepe, it ripes the memory :
But in each sleepe have severall sleepers by thee :
Females, no men, I charge thee on my blessing.

Clowne. Ile take my choyce here if you will.

Tar. No, no, goe travaile farther first ;
These rules if thou observ'st and keep'st,
Thou soone shalt see thy mother.

Clowne. It shall be my daily practice Father :
Farewell if I see you no more.

Tar. O we must meete agen nere feare't :
Obey but my commands ; so farewell sonne,

The seven Champions

Blessing on my boy.

Clowne. Father farewell :

I were an ungracious boy if I would not obey.

Now wenches looke to your selves.

Exit.

*Enter Andrew, David, Patricke, George, Denis,
James, Anthony, all arm'd and plum'd.*

George. Renowned Christian Knights welcome to liberty,
The blacke Inchantresse, by whose hell-bred power,
Bright honour was subdu'd, and pinnion'd up darke,
Is now her selfe fetter'd and manicl'd in the store-house
Where her accursed crimes can never
Pay the summe that ransomes her.

All. Our loves, our honours, and our lives
Rest pawnes to *George of England* for this favour.

David. Which we acknowledge with a generall thanks.

Georg. Thus doe I cancell all those bonds but love,
There rest my debtor still, as I will yours :
The lazy dust, that long hath hid your guilt,
Is now brush't off, and you new polish't to the world agen :
Sift the dead Ashes ere they kill the sparkes,
And let Fames wings fanne 'em to glorious flames;
Shine bright my Christian Comets of the world,
And English *George*, whom these your loves hath made
Seventh brother with you, in the Schoole of Armes
Shall prove no truant, Noble Christian Knights.

And. Let *Scotlands Andrew* be the mount, brave youth,
From whence thy beames may take a prospective,
To see, to wish, to have, to rule the same.

David. Brave maiden Knight, raise me another hill
Upon his mount, a Beacon upon that,
Which kindled, all the world may see the flame,
And Fame cry out, I'me wearied with thy Fame.

Denis. The *Sybel*s have fore-told no more but seven,
The odde man now is come, and all is even.

Pat. Even in our loves, even in what heaven us sends ;

Still

Of Christendome.

Still Pagans scourges, and still Christians friends :

Den. Then let us seven defend the Christians name :

And let *George* beare the Trophy of our fame.

James. Advance it youth; let thy white standard beare
A bloody Crosse, to fill the world with feare.

Georg. I crave a generall voyce, are all so pleas'd ?

All. We are.

George. Let us imbrace, and seale it with each breast :
And here behold your maiden Knight doth draw
Defence to all that wrong insultion treads on :
First in our cause 'gainst those fell miscreants,
That trample on the Christians sacred Crosse,
Lifting aloft the *Mahometane* Moone,
Dishonour both to heaven and Christendome :
Next to maintaine by force and dint of Armes
Opressed Ladies wrongs, widowes, & Orphans, or who else,
Which wrongfully dares tread within a List ;
And further let this Christian power extend
'Gainst blacke Inchantments, witchcraft, and the like,
That Arts foule potency may meeete us with.

All. All this we sweare too on thy maiden sword.

Georg. It shall suffice ; the Brazen Pillers not farre,
Vnto whose circuits knits the heads and paths
Of seven faire severall wayes :

Honour we altogether winne, is not to one :
Then let us part, and as we part proclaime,
Whose Champions we goe forth to purchase fame.

George for brave *England* stands.

Den. *Denis* for brave *France*.

And. The bony *Scotland* *Andrew* will advance.

Iam. *James* stands for *Spaine*.

Pat. *Patricke* for *Ireland*.

David. And *David* will the *Brittaines* name defend.

Anton. The Reare is brought up by *Anthony*,
Who goes a Champion forth for *Italy*.

Georg. Bravely resolv'd, at all the world we'le play,
But Christendome that is our tiring house,

The Seven Champions

The rest our stage.
On which our buskin scames must wade in blood,
But time no trifling loves, nor staies for none,
Lets mount, and part, honour is yet unwonne. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Emperour of Trebizond, Carinthia the Princeesse, Ancetes a Lord, Violeta, & attendance.

Emp. The Gods are angry with us, and their arrowes
Sticke in our bosomes, though we have inhausted
The glory of our Isles, and paid oblations on their Altars,
We remaine regardlesse and forsaken.

Princeesse. O Sacred *Pallas*, protector of the Virgin votary;
Thou in whose well mixt soule
Judgement and worth holds equall ballance;
From those Sphere-like eyes that shoot forth terrour
To the amazed world, send piercing lightning
To consume these Monsters that o're-whelme our kingdome,

Emp. *Ancetes* are our Proclamations forth,
And a reward propos'd to those bold men
Dare undertake their ruine?

Ancet. They are my Lord; and unto him, by whose
Unequal'd power the monstrous Dragon falls,
There is allotted the glorious shield,
Whose Verdge is studded round with Pearle,
Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires, Carbuncles,
And other stones fetcht from the Orient:
That Shield which from the *Indian* Provinces
Was sent as tribute to abate your wrath,
And stay your army from invasion.

Empr. Tis well.

Ancet. And to his valour that shall quell the pride

Of Christendome.

Of that fierce Lyon forraging these fields,
That doth devour the harmlesse passengers,
Great *Mars* his Armour, and his Ebon Lance,
A hot *Barbarian* Steed, whose fiery pace
Darts terrour through the trembling enemies,
With such majesticke footing strikes the earth,
As if he did disdain the touch of it;

This as a donative is freely given
To him whose valour shall confound that beast.

Princess. How many Knights, even in their spring of youth,
The pride and riches of this populous land,
Has his vast bowels made their Sepulcher?

Empr. Teares not availe, but gives woes ballance waight,
Which of himselfe's too heavy: this last Ediſt
Will spurre our youthfull Gallants to the Chace
Of this untamed Monster: oh we want those
Gretian youths those former Ages bred;
A bold *Alcides*, whole unequal'd strength
Tyr'd a Step-mothers sharpe invention:
Deeds, whose relation frighted other men,
Were but his pleasure and his pastime then:
What Knights this morning are prepar'd
To incounter the dreadfull Dragon?

Ancet. The sprightly youths, *Niger*, *Pallemon*, & *Antigonus*;
Niger well mounted on a sable horse,
His armour of the same resemblance,
Discover'd in him actions sterne, and high,
Past through the City with Magesticke pace:
His outward forme prefigur'd to the eye,
Future presages of bold victory.

Next *Pallemon* gave our eyes view
Of Knightly prowess, his armour russet,
Round beset with flames; though artificiall,
Seem'd to consume the youthfull wearer,
True embleme of unpittied light braine pride;
A fiery Sorrell bore the noble youth,
Who chew'd the ringled bit, as in disdain,

The Seven Champions

To be o're-master'd by so weake a Raine:
And as the Sunne forooke his Mistresse lappe,
He left the City. Last of all appear'd

Antigonus, in a sure armour clad;

A milke white Courser bare him through the streetes:

His Plume agree'd with it, and at all poynts

White, like the cause he went for:

When he set forth, me thought he lookt like Iustice

Dropt from heaven, to take revenge on wrong

And cruelty, the peoples prayers

Went with him, and their eyes

Dropt teares, o're-masterd with their extasies.

Empr. Oh be propitious heaven to their designs,

Give double vigour to their able nerves,

Inflame their hearts with matchlesse charity.

Ancetes haste you to the Temple strait,

Give order to *Apollo's* sacred Priests,

To make his Altars smoak with hallowed fumes,

Let neither prayers nor Sacrifice be scant,

To move the Gods to heare our just complaint,

Ancet. I shall my Lord.

Empr. Good daughter be it your charge to summon all

The Virgin Votaries of *Diana's* traine,

Attir'd in all the choyce habiliments,

To gratulate these warlike youths returne,

'Tis our last hazard, and like Gamesters now,

We venture all at one uncertaine throw:

If we prevaile, immortall Verse shall crowne

And memorize their happy victory;

But if they fall, their ruines shall be song

In Elegiacke straines, recorded fit

For such untimely fatall overthrowes:

How ever, honour shall adorne their Herse,

And they still live by never dying Verse.

Exeunt.

Enter Country Swaines.

1 Sw. Wit must not be advanc'd then?

2. No, all's dust,

3. Must

Of Christendome.

3. Must not the May-pole up?
What will this come to at length?

1. God *Pan* will never endure it.

2. He must endure it, an he were a god of Tustaffety:
I am in a fustian-fume to see't,
But all will doe no good.

Well fellow well-braine, doe I live to see,
The May-pole slighted, I could be drunke
By priviledge in those dayes, and had
A stay to leane on: now 'tis past,
And who can helpe it?

3. That we shall presently know:
Here comes the Priest of *Pan*,
And hee'le dissolve us, 'tis all to nothing else.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Lay by your idle sports and vanities,
And send up vowes and sad repentant teares:
These offend, and pull downe ruines on us,
To provoke the gods, ready to destroy us.

1. What newes *Baptiste* there? *Enter Baptisto.*

Bap. Oh sir, I cannot speake and tell yee,
Let me weepe out mine eyes first,
And then I may chance finde the way too't.

Priest. Prithee whither, out with it?

Bap. Betimes this morning unfolding my sheepe,
Some halfe a mile off the Dragons denne:
For hee's no night-walker, take that by th' way,
And in the day time I'le keepe out of's company.

2. Come forward.

Bap. Comes me a Gentleman all in black armour,
To inquire of me where was the Dragons lodging:
I told him where he kept house, but wisht him,
If he would be welcome, to bring his stoole with him;
For he was very churlish, and as most
Of our great men now a dayes, devoure all his neighbours:
He smil'd, and on he rode; I followed to see
What would follow, and into a tree I got me:

The Seven Champions

The trampling of his Horse awak't the Monster,
And forth comes the devill out of his denne,
The Knight runnes at him with his Launce,
Pierc't through one of his ugly wings,
But by fatall chance his Courser stumbl'd,
And by unfortunate happe threw him betweene
The Monsters jawes, who in a trice
With his large devillish teeth crusht him in pieces.

All. Alas poore Gentleman!

Bap. He had not hardly breath'd himsef a little,
When suddenly two gallant Knights assaild him,
Who long held combate with him, till the Lyon,
His devillish deare companion, came to helpe him;
Who presently then sent 'em
To accompany their fellows fate.

All. Vnhappy chance!

Bap. They having done their worke, went to their dens,
To licke their wounds, I thinke for want
Of better Surgeans: I tooke the opportunity,
And hither stole to relate the newes. *Loud Musick.*

Priest. But soft, what Musick's this? surely there are
Some great ones abroad, and here they come:
Let's stand aside awhile.

*Flourish: Enter Emperour Ancetes, Andrew, and Anthony,
his daughter, three other Virgins, Bowes, Arrows, and
Quivers by their sides; attendants.*

Emp. Ancetes, thou hast told us deeds of wonder,
And, but our eyes convince our doubtfull thoughts,
We could not give beleefe too't: Now their deaths,
That ran on danger for their Countries good,
Have ample recompence: what power, for none
But a Celestiall one, could arme your hands,
And give your spirits vigor to o'recome
So much of danger?

Anth. No other sir, but our true borne loves

To

Of Christendome.

To noble actions, pittie of others wrong'd,
And faire renowne, are all the spurres
Should put on noble spirits to warlike actions,
And in that to fall, or rise with glory :
Who would not venture this weake peece
Of flesh, which every Ague beats ?
Nor ever held I life at such a rate,
But to get fame, I dare and will tempt Fate.

Emp. What a bold spirit he moves with !
Noble youths ; we glory that our Countries earth
Now beares so much of man upon her.

Prin. Sir, by my fathers leave I doe pronounce
Y're freely welcome, not to us alone, but to all,
All faithfull subjects to my Father, and their loud joyes
Shall speake it ; one worke of gratitude
We owe the gods, the other to your valours.
What remaines, but that you blesse our eyes
With the true figures of our deare lives preserver ?
Therefore unarme your selves, your dangerous combate,
The heate and dust, and the fast closure of
Your Armour's strictnesse may much impaire your healths ;
Let me prevaile with you.

And. Bright Lady, where necessity implies an act of duty,
Manly vertue should clap on spurres to hasten piety :
These goodly parts, they were not made alone to serve
Our selves, but like pure fountaines, freely to dispence
Our streames to others wants : and so faire Lady,
Vrgent affaires call on our swords and valours,
To revenge the wrongs of some few Virgins,
That have long expected our wisht for presence.

Anth. This, I hope, may plead in our excuse,
And no way render us discourteous or unworthy
For departing unarmed, or else unman'd
From this faire presence, and so we take our leaves.

Emp. Make me not so unworthy by your absence,
To my owne subjects, and to forraigne Nations,
VVho shall read the story of your deeds,

The seven Champions

And my requitall, but they will brand me with ingratitude.
Can you maintaine the good of charity
In your owne actions, yet tye mine in bonds,
When she should stretch her silver wings,
And pay back thanks for so large benefits :
No, take the meed your valours have deserv'd,
And let us crowne our hopes, in that we long
Have wish't your faire aspects :
Nor shall your stay exceed our one nights welcome,
And then a faire farewell.

And. Where Majesty and beauty both command,
In vaine were our resistance : Brother, your hands
And mine shall be imployd ; to unbuckle yours
I'll quickly ease your shoulders of a burden.

Omn. Nay, wee'll be helpers all. *Vnarmes them.*

Emp. You make sure worke sirs,
Every light juggle leaves you not defencelesse,
And I commend your care in it.

Anth. He that encounters danger, must not thinke
His skin of Armour prooffe : tho' but young schollers,
We have learn'd that discipline.

Prin. Of goodly presence both, and farre exceeds
The youths our Countrey breeds, in forme and stature ;
Speake my *Carintha*, what judge yee of them ?

Car. Madam, so well, that had I leave to wed,
One of these Knights should blesse my Marriage-bed.

Prin. Then you are indifferent, your love is equal ?

Car. In troth it is.

Prin. So is not mine ; but thoughts a while conceale,
What passion might unwisely now reveale.

Ance. They are both unarm'd.

Emp. Now worthy Knights, mine eye is pleas'd
In viewing your faire presence,
I would gladly know what Countrey owes yee,
For the place is happy that first gave yee being.

And. Not one my Lord :
We owe our lives first light to severall Nations,

Of Christendome.

An Island farre remov'd from *Grecian* shores,
Whose lovely waste proud *Neptune* circles round,
Her craggy cliffs ambitiously threat Heaven,
And strikes pale terrour to the Mariner,
When unadvisedly he falls on them.

The inhabitants proportion'd like our selves,
Well skill'd in Science, and all humane Arts ;
A government of peace and unity,
For plenty, farre exceeding all the Isles
Europes vast bounds or wealthy *Asia* yeelds,
The name *Britannia*, which includes within it
Faire *England*, *Wales*, and *Scotland* ;
The last of which I fetcht my birth from.
Thus have you heard at full
What I can give you of relation.

Emp. It pleases us : but now sir we must crave
The like from you, and then to Court we hie
To gratulate your welcome.

Anth. Then know my Lord, *Italian* earth I claime,
Mother of Arts, and Nurse of noble spirits ;
And in that Countrey, *Rome*, my place of birth,
Great Mistris of the world, whose large-stretcht armes
O're Land and Sea holds domination :
Renown'd for government in peace or warre
Even to the shoare of scorching *India*,
Their armes strike terrour through the world :
Kings were their vassals, and their awfull words
Brought the knowne world to their subjection.
Nor wonder not great King, that we should leave
A Court that's fraughted with such happinesse,
For Christians glory and our Countries fame
We have adventur'd life and honour too.

Emp. And both are lost I feare, unhappy men :
Whom in my piety I should respect,
The gods in justice causes me reject.
Lay hands on 'em.

Both. On us ? for what ?

The Seven Champions

Empr. Performe our will, in the delay is death.

Both. Is this your welcome, love, and gratitude? (rance)

Empr. Your honour or your valour now will be of small use.
What ill-fated starre guided your haplesse feete
Into this land? these eyes that shot forth welcome,
Now must send Embassadors of death to your cold hearts,
No acclamations now must fill your eares
With joyfull conquest: *Apollos* Garland,
That should grace your browes,
Must decke your Coffins, the grave your chambers,
And the wormes must be
The sad companions of your destiny.
Boldly then prepare,
For in your journey you have equall share.

Anton. We mist your aimes in this;
'Tis a strange turning from courteous welcome,
To blacke threats of death.

Empr. Ile ease your doubts, though not your misery:
You both are Christians?

Both. We are.

Empr. In being so, you post to your owne ruine:
The holy Gods, whom piety commands us to obey,
Have from their Oracles sent this decree,
What ever Christian sets his haplesse foote
On this forbidden ground, unlesse he instantly
Recant his faith, let him be made
A bloody sacrifice to appease our wrath:
Now here lies before yee the riches
Of our kingdome, glory, and honour,
The benefits of sweete and happy life,
All the most choyce delights, that with our love
May be propos'd to you; even these our beauties,
Turne your amorous eyes, please your owne fancies,
And enrich your selves where you best affect,
Onely relinquish the religion which now you hold,
And turne unto our Gods; that done,
As we are Emperour of *Trebizon*,

Of Christendome.

All these shall be perform'd : but if through
Pride, and hated wilfulnesse, you shall refuse
Our proffer, a present death attends you.

Both. We are prepar'd.

Emp. Then in your death this favour we will shew,
Because your valour hath so shew'd you both,
To be borne High and Noble, we give this priviledge,
To chuse your executioners.

Andr. Thou hast redeem'd thy honour, and this sentence
Speakes thee a royall Tyrant : Come my friend,
We two, like Travellers that are inforc'd
To venture on a lodging fild with horrors in outward shew,
Threatning no way but ruine, the blacke preparatives
Of sad decay, being Vshers to the entrance ;
But once being in, then thinke, my constant partner,
What endlesse welcome followes ; pleasures unspeakable,
Beyond the sublimary thoughts of our poore natures :
If but the thought of this advance the soule,
And drives our sence to admiration :
Oh then how glorious is that wisht for feat,
Where all these benefits shall be compleat.

Antho. I need no armour, but my constant heart,
And thou hast given new life to't
In our deaths ; our innocence shall make our
After story be worth all knowing judgements :
Nor shall our bloods be shed by vulgar hands,
Since we have power in the disposing it.
Come beauteous Ladies, now expresse your arts,
Make your *Apollo* wonder at your skill,
And with more glory than he did ascend
Olimpus top, after blacke *Pythons* fall :
With more shall you salute your peoples eyes,
Rejoycing in our haplesse Tragedies.

Princesse. Vnhappy *Violeta*.

Car. Lost *Carintha*.

Emp. Bind them fast : Now *Violeta*, arme thy feeble hand,
Strike sure and fearelesse, for thou sendst the gods

The Seven Champions

A pleasing Sacrifice.

Prin. Ounhappy mayd, lost in my best of wishes !
Was I borne to ruine vertue, and gaine by it a name
Hatefull to all posterity ? Royall Sir,
Have you no other to imploy, than her
That you gave life too ? must I become an executioner ?
Or doe you thinke me Marble ? oh that I were,
That I might ever weepe for your injustice :
For ever may my hand forget its motion
If it give way to this : Know I dare dye,
Rather than act this milchiefe.

Emp. Are you of that opinion too *Carintba* ?

Car. Sir I am, and rather will I chuse a noble death,
Than live with such dishonour.

Emp. Oh my unbounded passions, give 'em vent,
The flame will else consume me :
Fall from me all respects of nature ;
I will forget that I had such a thought,
As to beleeve thee mine : farewell the houres
I often spent in contemplation of thy beauty,
Youth, and breeding ; thou and these shall be like things
Forgotten, and if thy hand refuse to act our will,
Expect the utmost of all sad afflictions
Our hate can cast upon thee.

Prin. I am prepar'd, and glory in my sufferings.

Emp. Binde them then, since you are so resolv'd,
Wee'le give you cause to expresse your fortitude :
They shall suffer first.

Antho. Give us a hearing Sir :
We doe not wish to pull on others ruines
With our owne ; nor would we make you guilty
Of a crime so foule, least after ages should traduce
Your name for this impiety ; give us then
Your first and voluntary promise that your
Tongue alowd, and we will quit these
Ladies from the act.

Emp. We agree to't, and by our Gods I sweare my promise
To

Of Christendome.

To performe without all doubt or fraud.

Anton. Vnbinde us then, and give us in our hands
Our well try'd swords, and you shall see how quickly
We will charme a passage to our wisht
For expirations, we will embrace in Steele:
And worthy friend, doe but strike home,
And thou shalt soone perceive how quickly weele have
Freedome; thou shalt see how I will meet thy wishes,
And woe thy backward sword to give to me
A passage to yon blessed Kingdome.

Emp. Vnbinde 'em strait, and arme 'em.

Princesse. This is cruell; sinke mine eyes into your
Hollow cavernes, doe not see an act so full of horror.

Emp. Are yee prepar'd?

Both. Yes, for your eternall ruines.

Anton. We are free, and like untamed Lyons,
We now will forrage, and bath us in your bloods.

And. So, they are all disperst and fled; never before
Stood life on such a fickle poynt with us:
Lets leave this cursed Kingdome,
Mount our Steeds, which through negligence,
Our enemies have faild to sieze on;
Leave them to curse their starres;
And still be sure, in all our actions,
That heavens mighty hand,
Can mens devices easie countermand.

Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Almona and Lenon, being throwne by David.

Almon. No more, no more, your words are feathers
For the winde to play with.

Lenon. Will you not joyne with me to be reveng'd?

The Seven Champions

When was it knowne that *Lenon* and *Almona*
Parted with victories tryumphant, which now flies
With a disdain'd applause from us unto a stranger?
When did these Bulwarks which hath stood till now
The shock of all the Knights our parts hath scene,
Ere shrinke under the sinews of an Army?

Al. Why now, just now we have;
Have we not still by daring challenges oppos'd our selves
The round worlds opposites? Have not our prowesses
In stately lifts tost up the golden ball, and wonne it?
Is not bright honour free in Princes Courts?
We have o'recome, and now we are o'recome,
And shall we envie what we ever loved,
And were lov'd for? so thinkes the Adder, (too,
When his sting is gone, his hissing has the power to venome
Cast off that coate, it not becomes thee *Lenon*;
'Twill weare thy honour thread-bare to the bones,
And make death seize on thee with infamy.

Le. Let Death come how he will,
And doe you tamely suffer what you will,
This *Brittish* Knight shall never boast in *Wales*,
That ere he triumpht Victor over me.

Al. Another charge: *A charge and a shout*
What over desperate and life-weary foole *cry Arbasto.*
Dares meete the couched Lance of this brave Knight,
Seeing the foyle we tooke?

Le. The cry went in our Prince *Arbasto's* name:
Hearke another charge gives 'em a second meeting:
'Tis well he kept his saddle at the first: *A charge, a cry*
Looke to the Prince there some, and take him; *Arbasto.*
For false I'me sure he is before this time.

Al. I now admire and love this venture in him:
Well done young twig of a most Royall bough,
Thou hast wonne our losses, which we must allow.

Le. Heark, the third charge is begun. *A charge, a crye,*

Al. I doe not like that sound, what ever accident save the
Betides, *Arbasto* hath not lost but wonne renowne: Prince.
Now,

Of Christendome.

Now, what newes bringst thou? *Enter Messenger.*

Mes. Set ope your eares to entertaine sad news,
I sing the latest *Requiem* of our Prince, hee's slaine.

Al. Falne I beleewe, but yet I hope not slaine.

Le. This whet-stone makes revenges edge more keene:
Goe forward good mischance. *(Knight,*

Mes. Twice met this brave young Prince the *Brittish*
And bore his body stiffe against his shock,
Vnmov'd of either stirrop or of saddle,
Their shiver'd Launces quarrell'd as they brake,
And as they upward flew, clast strong together,
And he unmov'd, undanted twice appear'd
As faire for Victor as his stout opponent,
And had he rested there, he had equall shar'd
The dayes bright honour with him.

Le. Well, the disaster.

Mes. Bowing his plumed head unto his Syre,
Who sent him smiles of joyes incouragement,
Addrest him for the third, and last Carcere:
The Christian Knight likewise 'gan couch his Lance,
But as he graspt it in his manly fist,
An angry fire circled about his eyes,
And from the furrows of his browes Revenge
Leapt forth, and seizes on the Prince:
They charg'd, he fell, and in the fall his neck!
He broke; so ends my heavy *Nuntius*.

Both. The Prince!

Al. So Honour sprung a bud, and blasted it
Before it grew to his maturity;
Noble Prince, I pittie thy misfortune, more, the Knights;
And I for this condemne nimble mischance,
But not the Knight at all.

Le. Murderous villain, if my braines can invent torture
Sufficient, sufficient; here begins thy hell,
And I thy first devill.

Al. And I will second be how to prevent yee.

Enter

The seven Champions

Enter the King of Tartary, two Knights in Armour, the body of the Prince Arbasto in a Herse.

King. Set downe the broken columnne of mine age,
The golden Anchor, *Hope*, once shewed to me,
Hath split and sunke the vessell held my wealth :
Oh my *Arbasto*.

Alm. Take comfort Royall sir,
Fame stories few are living; more the dead,
Death hath but rockt him then on honours bed :
Then let him sleepe.

King. Hee's a good Physitian that can quite kill griefe,
That hath but newly made his patient of me :
Tear: s must give vent first to the oppressed heart,
And Time lay drawing plaisters to the sore,
Before he can find ease, but yet I thanke yee.

Le. Most Noble Sir,
Teares shews effeminate in noble spirits,
Those aged fluces want that Raine that falls,
Bewaile him not with teares, but with revenge ;
If drops must needs be spilt, let 'em be blood.
His blood that wilfully sheds blood,
The Law of Nations wisely did allow
All Iusts and Turnaments in Princes Courts,
For honours cause to breake a friendly staffe,
But not to make a butchery or shambles in Court lists :
Therefore if I might of his jury be,
My Verdict should be given up, he must dye.

Alm. Lord *Lenon*, 'tis most certaine he must dye :
I love my Sovereigne well, I lov'd his sonne,
But dare not say that he deserves to dye :
This stranger here, came here in honours cause,
Stak't honour downe, and bravely bore it hence :
Your selfe, silence but envies tongue, can witnesse with me,
I have spoke but truth : where lives the Noblenesse
But in the minde ? wild beasts have strength, irrationall

And

Of Christendome.

And rude, but want the sence of reasons government :
Let rage hot raines bite upon temperance :
The Iron handed Fates warres hard at game,
And threw a cast at brave *Arbastoes* life ;
But let your sentence passe my Lord, I ha' done,

Len. Spoke like no lover of his Soveraignes sonne.

Alm. Reply'd not like a lover unto either:

Your valours's horse-like, and it must be tam'd ;

Len. I will breake the Riders necke dares but to back him.

King. Forbear I say, on your allegiance :

Had my *Arbasto* dyed in our defence,

Against the pride of the hot *Persian* Host,

That seekes to pale his Temple with our wreath,

And name *Tartary* new *Persia*,

Our cares had beene but flight, but in a friendly

Breathing exercise, when honor goes a feasting but for shew,

A jesting practice in the Schoole of Armes,

There for to lose him.

Len. An ill intent arm'd Executions hand.

King. I know not that; why should he ruine him;

Shewing more kind innated friendship to him,

Than brother shewes to brother.

Len. *Remus* and *Romulus*, my Lord, one suckt more
Harder on the Wolfe than tother,

Thinke what a game *Hope* lost.

Alm. Vpon my soule, my Lord, the Knight is cleare
Of any foule intent against your sonne.

Len. Why *Almaine*, *Almaine*, dare you stand to this?

Alm. *Lenon* I dare, and in thy venome blood write
He's not guilty.

King. No more I say, upon your lives no more :

Too hard it is for me to give a true descidence to the cause,

The Knight was ever courteous, faire, and free,

And 'gainst the *Persian* in my just defence,

Ransom'd my sonne from multitudes of losse,

And brought home conquest to our very gate,

I cannot then in honour take his life,

The Seven Champions

Our neighbour Kings would say, I dealt not faire,
And quite disclaime in us all brother-hood :
To banish him, were but the more to enlarge his fame ;
All kingdomes are but Knight errands native home.

Len. In private be it spoke my Liege, I like not
Almonas love to this same Knight :
It little shewes love to the deceased Prince :
What was he but a young strait tender plant ;
The sturdy Oke might well have spar'd him then :
His toward hopes were ruin'd and cut downe :
Had he done this in any other Court, to any Prince
So toward as your Sonne, he had ere this beene attomes :
Your sonne has suffer'd, let him suffer too,
Who ever wilfully committed murther,
And was without excuse ? but can that save ?
No more should this my Liege, I have but said.

King. And wisely *Lenon*, goe bring forth the Knight ;
We are determin'd that he shall not live ; *Exit for him.*
Nor shall he suffer here within our Courts,
Wee'le kill him in a nobler gentile way :
O here he comes. *Enter Knight bound.*

Alm. You'r gone ; false *Lenon* hath betraid yee to your death.

David. Welcome my Fate,

King. Sir Knight, you have not fairely dealt with us ;
Though 'gainst my foes you brought me honour home,
My deare sonnes life you have tooke for your reward ;
But you shall finde 'tis treasure stole, not bounty given,
And for that theft your life must satisfie.

David. King of *Tartary*, heare sad *David* speake.

Len. Now the excuse my Lord.

David. Those honours I have brought you home,
It seemes this accident hath cancel'd,
And stifles all my merits in your love :
Yet let 'em hang like pendants on my herse,
That I did love the unfortunate deceas'd,
These drops of teares, true sorrowes, testifie ;
And what hath happend to that lifes deare losse,

Of Christendome.

Was not by will, but fatall accident:
I hold my hand up at the hand of heaven, not guilty:
King, thinke not I speake to have thee spare my life,
For halfe my life lies dead there with thy Sonne,
And here the other halfe is ready too, to testifie,
How well I lov'd the Prince, though now I dye.

Lenon. A Heads man and an Axe there.

King. For him that calls him.

Alm. I that was well said King; Spannell no more.

King. Thy hand once more brave English Knight,
We are at peace, and will not what we may:
But let me now one thing enjoyne you to,
Not as a pennance for my deare lonnes losse,
But as a further safety of my Kingdome,
And larger interest of your love to me.

David. Give me the danger, I can meet but death.

King. My hopes are better of thee, noble Knight;
Heare then thy taske, thou shalt then hence
In Knightly order ride, 'gainst him, not onely
Aided *Persia* 'gainst our power, but shakes our
Kingdome with the power of hell, blacke *Ormandine*,
The enchanted Garden-keeper; if that thou dar'st
Attempt, and bring his head, I will not onely
Quittance this mischance, which makes me wretched,
But halfe my part of this large Crowne
Is thine, and when I dye,

David of Wales reignes King of *Tartary*,
Speake comfortable words of the attempt.

David. It is the oath of Knight-hood I have tane, and here
Againe before you I will take, from hence being
parted, ne're to make stay more than a nights

Repose till I am there, and being there,

By all the honours of a Knight I vow

Blacke *Ormandines* head, and lay it at your feete:

This, by the honour of a Knight, Ile do, or dye in the attempt.

King. 'Tis enough; rise noble *David*,

So, now shall I be reveng'd for my sonnes life,

The Seven Champions

Without the clamour of the world for it :
Thou bring his head, poore Knight, thou maist as well
Rob *Iove* of lightning, or claspe a hand *Garnado*;
Being fir'd : to morrow morning you shall forward set ;
On with the Herse till you returne
We sorrowes path shall tread,
And bury griefe when thou bringst *Arnaands* head.

A dead March within.

Exennt.

Chorus.

Our *Brittaine* Knight we leave in his hard journey:
But more hard attempt, yet all the other have not idle beene,
For since their parting at the brazen Piller,
Each hath shar'd strange and perillous adventures,
Which here in severall acts to personate, would in the
Meanest fill a larger Scene than on this Stage
An Action would containe ;
But to the shortnesse of the time wee'le sort,
Each Champion in't shall beare a little part
Of their more larger History :
Then let your fancies deepe upon a stage,
One man a thousand, and one houre an age.
And now with patience beare your kind attents to the
Red Crosse bearer, English *George*, your high renowned
Knight, who since the hand of Christendome parted her
Seven faire Knights, the dangers he hath seene and past,
Would make the brightest day looke pale and tremble,
Nay death himselfe, that ends mortality,
To thinke of death, and that himselfe must dye.
After renowned *George* from the fell Dragons jawes,
Redeem'd *Sabrina*, *Pomils* onely heire, with slaughter
Of the Hell-produced fiend ; his wife he wonne,
Had *Pomil* promise kept ; but in a large requitall (rivall,
Of her life, : incens'd by the *Moroco* King, our Champions
Cast *George* in prison, in a hatefull Dungeon ;
He that deserv'd his Crowne, and daughters bed,
He ingratfully with branne and water fed 7 years together,
Which

Of Christendome.

Which time expir'd, the miserable Knight found once
That opportunity shewed him a little favour,
For by the breaking of the Iaylers neck,
He gaine the keyes which gave him liberty :
When being freed, and out of dangers port,
You his kind Countrymen shall see
For *Englands* honour, *Georges* Chivaldry.

Enter Clowne like a poore shepherd.

Clow. Oh most astonishable hunger ! thou that dost pinch worse than any Fairies, or the gummes of old women : thou that dost freeze the mortall goutts of a man more than the Rozom'd stick of a Base Violl, what shall be said ? what shall be done to thee ? Oh my glorious Mother, what a time of eating had I in thy dayes, nay, my magnanimous Master, whom I lost in the devils arse of Peake : what a plentifull progresse had I with thee, when we did nothing but kill Gyants and wild beasts, then the golden gobbets of Beeffe and Bacon, whose shining fat would cry clash in spight of my teeth, now I may compare with *Ploydens* law, the case is alter'd ; A shepheard, a sheep-biter ; nay, I were happy then, I would wish no better bitings than Mutton ; the Cobs of Herring, and parings of Cheefe is now a Sundayes dyet, and yet they cry out of my abominable feeding, my unsatisfied gut, with a Wolfe at the end on't : I have eate up my Tarre-box for hunger already, what will be next troe ? Soft, who comes here, my fellow Swaine with some pittifull provant for my dinner ?

Enter Shepheard.

Shep. *Suckabus*, where art thou ?

Clow. Heere, where the bare bones of him will be very shortly : what hast thou brought me there ?

Shep. A feast, a feast, here's princely cheere for thee : here's two Carrots and a Turnip, and a little morsell of Beane-bread, that I stole to hearten thee up withall.

The Seven Champions

Clow. Sweet fellow *Coridon*, give me't, I shal grow a Philosopher shortly if I fare o'this fashion: O the very steame of the three fat Oxen that my Master found boyling for the Gyants dinner, which we kill'd, would have fill'd both our bellies for a Fortnight.

Shep. Ha, three Oxen for one Gyants dinner? Thou art mistaken sure; thou art not old enough to see a Giant, And could thy Master and thee kill him?

Clow. Why there's the wit of a Bell-weather; one? we kill'd a hundred: but talke I to thee, that wert never no Traveller since thou wilt not beleve a truth, He hold my tongue, and fall to my teeth.

Shep. Nay good fellow *Suckabus* be not angry, I doe beleve: What are those Gyants? Prithee tell me?

Clow. No Iackalents, no Pigmies, no Dwarfes.

Shep. Nay, I doe beleve they are lusty fellows, And men of tall stomacks, they could never eate so much else, Three Oxen at one meale.

Clow. Tush, a Fasting-dayes *Medicume*; but when he makes a Feast to stuffe his abominable gut, three hundred Acres of Oates will scarce make Oate-meale to thicken his porridge-pot.

Shep. Now the Devill choake him, For hee's fitter farre for hell, than to live here.

Clow. Hell? what should he doe there? hee'd pisse out their fire, and drowne all the devills in his urine.

Shep. O monstrous! marry blesse me from him, I had thought They had not beene much taller than some of our Guard.

Clow. The Guard? Hum, still like a Bell-weather? why hee'le chop up two yeomen of the Guard like pocht egges at a spoonefull: there's not a meale that he makes, but hee will load yee two Dung-carts with the picking of his teeth.

Shep. Blesse us!

Clow. Blesse thee? why dost thou know what thou speak'st?

Shep. No hurt I hope good fellow *Suckabus*: But how could you two kill this monstrous man?

Clow. Why as we killd a great many more of 'em; wee

Of Christendome.

rid a Horseback into their bellies, made a Quintin of their hearts, and rod out at the But-hole end.

Shep. That may be done indeed, this carries some shew of truth.

Clow. Why, didst thou thinke the rest were lies?

Shep. No, no; Lord, what indiscretion people learne by Travaile! I have heard my Master say, hee was Page to a Knight crant they call'd old Dick, who ha's bin sixe dayes together in the bottome of the Sea, and tooke Tobacko 'mongst the sharkes and such adventures, but none like this you speake of; Travell'd you e're with him?

Clow. I had more wit yfaith; I deale in no water-workes.

Shep. But pray tell me now, what stature might this man be you kill'd?

Clow. His stature? Let me not lye, he was not the biggest that e're we kill'd, let me tell yee that, he was just about that stature that Tuttle-field would fitly make a Grave for: I have told yee of a place before; 'tis neare *London* in *England*, where men goe a Trayning to get 'em good stomacks.

Shep. That's more than e're I heard of yfaith, that souldiers want stomacks: what enemies doe they meet with there?

Clow. Why Barrells of Beere, bottles of Sack, Costermongers, Cakes, and Creame, and their wives that bring 'em their dinner.

Shep. I marry sir, I would willingly be put into such service; sure, their Commanders are brave fellows.

Clow. The bravest can be pickt out in each parish, and the ablest too, yet I heard one man in the shape of a Monster, put a Captaine and his Company to flight.

Shep. O monstrous!

Clow. Come, no more of that; let me intreat thy absence till I have eate my vittails, and I will tell thee more.

Shep. Good *Suckabus* doe, and I'le see if I can tell thee of a Dwarfe shall be all as little. *Exit.*

Clow. Well, say and hold; come master Carret and mistris Turnup, I want but Beefe and Porke for sawce to yee, but unger bids me fall to merrily, and I shall not want for sawce. *Eates.*

Enter

The seven Champions

Enter George in poore habit.

Geo. Thanks to my great preserver, by whose sacred power
Poore *George of England* is let free agen;
From death, danger, and imprisonment;
I bow with duty to thy Deity; seven yeares
Hath Famine under bolts and barrs dungeon'd me up,
Accompanied with my teares in the darke bowels
Of a loathsome Den, a place so farre remote from comfort,
That not the smallest chinke or crany
Could let the Sun-beames in to point on me;
Yet thou, in whose foundation stands my building,
Hast given me freedome and my hope agen,
Those sweet companions that dispaire shut out.
Now *George* agen may weare a plumed crest,
And wave the Standard of great Christendome
In the defiance of her opposites: I'm poore in show,
Yet since my freedome hath thus long laine rusty,
And unoyl'd loines unarm'd, are grown a strength immutable
And from the pinching pangs of famines jawes
A second time ransom'd my pining life;
But since I have left those desert woods behind,
Let me behold this goodly prospective.

Clow. So my panniar's pritty well satisfide, and the
whelps in my belly muzzeld from barking any more this two
houres: How now what proper stripling's this stands ga-
ping about him? let me survey him.

Geo. A goodly place, pleasant, and full of ayre.

Clow. I cannot for my guts call to mind where I have seen
this fellow.

Geo. Inricht with plenties hand.

Clow. But that he had a horse and Armour, hee doth re-
semble my long lost Master *George of England*.

Geo. Ha? what Eccho's that gives me my name,
Without a summons which it answers to?

What fellow's this that walkes and stares about me?

I am no wonder that I know of;

And but that time makes me to doubt, I should suppose

Him

Of Christendome.

Him for to be my servant *Suckabus* I lost.

Clow. The same, the same; I am your servant, and fellow *Suckabus*: Oh my sweet Master I have we found one another? I could e'ne kisse thee round about for joy.

Geo. I'me glad to see thee; It seemes you have altered fortune with your Master: Where hast thou liv'd and wander'd since I lost thee?

Clow. Oh sir, I have had such a company of Masters in law since I left you: First sir, I serv'd a Lord till he entertain'd a Cooke, and then I must stay no longer: Then I was Gentleman Vicer to a young Lady, but she hating new fashions, I hated her service: Then sir, I serv'd a young Heire newly come to his Living, and because he open'd his gates, and let Hospitality enter, I bid flanelt to him: then I serv'd a Vsurer, and because he would often be drunke, and let his Angels flye gratis, I gave him the bag too: Then I dwelt with a Procter, and he every day would bid conscience to dinner, so there was no staying with him: Then I serv'd a Scrivener, but he was so taken up with his Orator the Pillary, that I was faine to leave him too; and then I came here a sheep-biting, as you see sir.

Geo. 'Tis very well sir; but will you leave your sheepe & your sheepe-hooke, and follow me without leeing?

Clow. Follow thee? that I will, till I finde no land to tread on, nor water to swimme on: Shepheard farwell, Fox, looke to the Lambs, Wolfe, keepe the sheepe safe: now shall we kill Gyants, and cate meate agen.

Geo. Be true to me, once more y'are entertain'd, 'Tshall not be long before thou seest

This low dejected state shining in compleat Steele:
He that in pursuit of adventures goes,
Must not shun danger, though he meet with blows:
Come *Suckabus*.

Load Musick: Enter the Inchanter *Ormandine* with some selected friends that live with him in his Magick Arts, with his spirits Canopy borne over his head.

Orm. This is the state of Princely *Ormandine*;

The seven Champions

Thou once dejected, and low trodden down
Vnder the feet of Fortunes petty Kings,
Above her envy re-advanc'd again; and you my friends
And partners in her frowns, shall now deride her petty Deity,
Laugh at those Kings, which like to gilded moats
Dance in the Sun-beams of her various smile:
And when we have laugh'd our fills, my fury then
Shall rise, and like a Torrent in the Ocean rais'd
By swelling spring-tides driven from their bounds,
So shall the rage of *Ormandine* swift vengeance
At once o'reflow the cruell *Tarax* and *Arabian* Kings.
Lord. Great *Ormandine* has given us satisfaction;
We were your subjects first, so are we now;
Yet never liv'd in that tranquillity,
When we did bow under your Scepter as now we doe:
Then cares of Countries safety, and your person,
Care of our wives, our substance, and our selves, expell'd
Our stomacks,ooke our sleepes away, and made our eyes
Peares warchmen; here art thou crown'd with Arts
Rich, potent, and commanding power;
There late a golden hoope temper'd with feare,
That tatter'd on thy head, here with a wand thou call'st,
And art obey'd; there by the *Tarax* cruelly dismay'd,
Thy pleasures mixt with store of misery,
Vnder the pride of *Tarax* tyranny.
Then let me speake, but farre from contradiction,
Your hand hath laid her actions waste on well.
Orm. Rest you contented with content, but will admits
No counsell but our owne; here lives no pity of our Enemy,
We have bought vengeance at a mightier rate,
Than you, or can, or must be privy to.
Learning by time and industry are bought,
But he that barter for revengefull Arts,
Must with his best priz'd jewell from depart:
I have yet shew'd tricks to make 'em laugh,
But long it shall not be ere I smite home
To make us pastimes by their generall ruines:

Of Christendome.

And now my friends and subjects shall behold
The indentured time and middle of our safety: Ho Tarpa.
The chiefest which attends upon our acts.

Tar. What would my Master? Tarpa must obey.

Orm. Set forth my brazen pillar. Tar. 'Tis done.

Orm. Now wonder at the Tablet I shall read,
Which while it comes to passe, live in more pleasures
And voluptuous state, than doth the Roman Potentates.

He Reads.

Ormand be bold, secure, and free,
Revell thou in Arts potency,
Till from the cold and Northern Clime,
A Knight post on the wings of Time,
Being lighted on Tartaries ground,
Of Fame spoke loud by honour crown'd.
From Brute descended, and his breast
Is with a sanguine Crosse be blest:
Then shall this Sword, thy Art here clos'd,
By him be drawne, thy Art oppos'd.
Thy life, thy Arts, thy potent power
Expire, dissolve that instant hoare.

Orm. This bug-bear frights us not, and yet my fall must
From Brute descended, and on his breast
The Embleme of our hate, a sanguine Crosse:
Must Ormandines great power be shaken downe
By a chill Northern Ague-shaken Knight,
A lump of snow, a frosty Sickle? this laying damps me,
And the thinn pure blood, which but even now
Flowed through the azure branches of my veins,
Is runne to cherish my feare-trembling heart,
Who, there affrighted at its horrid ruine,
Mixt with cold comfort, is congeal'd to clods,
And I a bloodlesse instance doe remaine.

Lord. Why is our King and governor dismay'd?

Orm. Walke in I pray, I me very much disturb'd: *Exeunt Lords.*
A swarthy passion harrows up my sence: Ho Tarpa.

The Seven Champions

Tar. You call must be obey'd : I'm here.

Orm. Fetch me my Characters, my calculation, & my glasse.

Tar. They are here.

Orm. My ever-ready servant, fly to the first Aeriall degree,
Snatch thee a cloud, and wrap thy selfe intoo't;
Fly to *Tartaria*, looke within his Court, confines, & Country,
If any Christian Knight there be arriv'd,
I feare me *Tarpax*; bring me answer swift,
Whilst I survy my Booke and magick glasse.

Tar. I'm gone; ten minutes hence expect me back.

Orm. Ha? what's here?

The *Tartars* sonne slaine by a *Brittish* Knight,
Who, as a pennance for this hainous fact,
Sent here to fetch my head, by Oath enjoin'd too't:
A *Brittish* Knight, the same my Tablet speaks of:
Now *Ormandine* must fall. Ho *Tarpax*!

What sees my *Tarpax*?

Enter Tarpax.

Tar. Great *Ormand*, haste unto thy powerfull charmes,
We will assist thee in what Hell can doe,
With strength, with horreur, and detested shapes,
To daunt the courage of this Northerne Knight,
That comes to fetch the head of *Ormandine*.

Orm. I read the same here too; be swift my *Tarpax*,
Summon up Hells hoast to be my Guardians
'Gainst this Northerne Knight: put out the golden Candle
Of the day with horrid darknesse from the night below:
Vnchain the windes, send out our fiery raines,
Breake *Atlas* backe with Thunder through the clouds,
And dart your quick-past lightning at his face:
Raile Earthquakes shaking round about his steps,
To bandy him from one place to another;
Let horreur empty all her store-house:
If *Ormandine* can vanquish but this Knight,
Secure and firme still stand our power and might.

Exit

Enter David arm'd Cap & p.

Dav. How shall I style this *Tartar*?
I cannot say hee's noble, nor yet base; he's given me life,
But with that strange adventure,

The

Of Christendome.

That he himselfe is confident I perish:
My Knighly Oath assures him I will on, and setting on,
Am fere enough to fall: unhappy *David* in that Princes death,
Whom Fates, no will of mine, gave so unkind a meeting;
For which the sable plume and Corset I doe weare,
As a true Embleme of my inward sorrow:
Rest Princely ashes in a golden Urne,
Whilst wretched *David* in a worke is sent,
To his owne sad Requiem's bitterment,
And be mine owne destroyer: take courage yet,
Let not base feare steal from thy heart the name of man away,
Death cannot dresse himselfe in such a shape,
But I dare meete him; on then in pursuit of a Knighly vow,
If't chance Dice run so, that we must fall,
Fame shall weare black at *David's* Funerall.

Enter above Ormandine, his friends, Tarpax, & spirits.

Orm. Hee's now within a Mile and lesse of us;
Spirits away, each fall unto his taske, *Enter David.*
Whilst I raise stormes which may dismay the Knight.

Dav. Yonder's the place, mine eye hath reacht it:
Now *Ormandine*, our bloody game begins,
Heads are our stakes, and there's but one can winne.
Protect me Heaven, what sudden strange Eclipse do I behold. *Thunder*
The golden Sun that now smil'd in my face, *& light-*
Drawes in his beames, and robes himselfe in black: *ning.*
In what a darke vaile is the cleare azur'd sky!
You do begin to entertaine me *Ormandy*,
But wee'le have better welcome ere we part:
I, let your thunder come, we dread it not:
What send yee Fire-drakes too to meet with us?
Your worst of horreur is best welcome to me:
Your ministers rather invite me on, than like to bug-beares
Fright me back agen: more visitants of hell-bred sorcery?
I must needs through, or sinke.

Tar. There's nothing we can doe,
Can quell the valour of this Christian Knight.

Orm. My feares devine this is the man,
By whom great *Ormand* falls: hee's come unto the gates,

The Seven Champions

And now sticke fast my sword, and weare yet longer
So, in sight of all the tamping of your Arts
We are got something neare you now.
This is the gate; what have we here a Brazen Pillar,
In it a golden sword, inamur'd and rivited;
A golden Tablet with inscriptions on't
Let me discourse with you a little first.

Ormand be bold, secure, and free,

Revell in arts strong potency,

Till from the cold and Northerne Climate,

A Knight pass on the wings of time.

Ha, what's here? *Till from the Northerne Climate,*

A Knight pass on the wings of time.

A Northerne Knight! why that's my selfe:

Let's see a little farther.

Being lighted on Tarta y's ground,

Of fame belov'd by honour crown'd.

I am arriv'd here in Tarrary, a Northerne Knight,

And for my fame and deeds of Chivaldry, with honour

Hath been crown'd in Princes Courts: a little farther yet.

From Brute descended, and his brest

Is with a sanguine Crosse be blest.

I have enough; *David of Wales* from Brute descended is,

A Christian Knight, that we res the sanguine Crosse,

That must dissolve this blacke Inchantment here:

Come let me clutch thy temper in my hand,

Thus draw thee forth, and thus: will you not come?

Orm. O you are not the man, ha, ha,

Feare Vanish once agen; goe Spirits, seize that Knight,

And bring him straight.

Ormand and all laugh: Spirits with fiery Clubs, they fight.

Enter Ormandine.

Orm. Knight, Knight forbear,

In vaine thy stroaks are dealt against our power:

Thou maist as well number those briny drops,

As cope with these, or scape with life, did not we pitty thee;

Spirits

Of Christendome.

Spirits away.

Dav. Art not thou *Ormandine*?

Orm. The same; thy friend and *Ormandine*.

Dav. That head I come for, and must ha't.

Runnes at him with his sword, he puts it by with his wand.

Orm. The body will not yet so part with it;

This is the *Tartars* cruelty, not thine;

I know thy oath stands gag'd to bring this head,

Or not returne; thus shalt thou save thy oath,

Here shalt thou live, with *Ormandine* thy friend,

Here spend thy dayes, crown'd with delight and mirth,

Pleasure shall be thy vassell to command,

With new inventions, fresh varieties;

And when thy dalliance would consort with love,

Queenes shall infold thee in their Ivory armes,

Which to affirme, and give thee love and liking,

This waving of my wand above thy head,

Dissolves this horror, and does give thee cause

To change thy minde.

The day cleares, enchantments cease;

Sweete Musicke.

Dav. What alteration's here! your pardon mighty Sir;

Oh let me never, never part from hence.

Orm. Be Master of your wish: come sit here by me,

He rape your care, and captivate your eye. *Soft Musicke.*

Enter free Excesse, inmadest Mirth, Delight, Desire, Lust,

satied, and sicknesse, they dance; after the dance

Excesse, Delight, and Desire embrace him

to a lazy tune, they touch him, he falls

into their armes, so carry him away.

Orm. How happy now is *Ormandine* in this, I will no more

Credit the Tablet, I shall for ever raine, as now I doe:

Eternity shall scale my habitation here,

The *Brittaine* Knight is now within my power,

Charme hangs a drowsie rest upon his eyes,

And!

The Seven Champions

And he shall sleepe his youth to a full age.
As for the *Arabian* bird, and the proud *Tartar*,
Revenge arm'd with destruction to them flies;
Who seekes my life, without my pittie dyes.

Exeunt.

Enter George arm'd, and Clowne with him.

Geo. Come on sir *Suckabus*, how doe you like this alteration?

Clow. Nay, we are come to weare good cloth agen, and we fill our bellies at other folkes cost: marry we part with crackt Crownes for our Ordinaries. They that in the low Countrey-garrisons kill men for three shillings a weeke, are punies to us; by that time I have serv'd but halfe my time, I shall be able to play with all the Fencers in Christendome.

Geo. Leave your folly sir.

Clow. Leave your prating sir, and then wee'le leave our livings both together.

Geo. Villaine no more;
How pleasant is this place, how fresh and cleare,
As when the last of *April* offers to sweet *May*
The pride and glory of the youthfull Spring,
The lovers coupling time! the farther that I goe,
The more *Elizium* like it doth appeare.

Clow. Good Master let's goe back agen: I doe not like this talking of *Elizium*; it is a place where good and honest men come in, and for mine owne part, I am in the minde never to trouble it.

Geo. I thinke so too:
What's here the platforme of a Garden?
If that the Sun rob'd in his brightest glory,
Dazell not mine eyes, it is the richest that I ever saw,
The Paradise of some Deity: ———— Musicke too.

Clow. Ey, two Taylers are a dancing for a butter'd bunne.

Geo. List *Suckabus*, hear'st thou no Musick?

Clow. I thinke I heare the Horse head and the Tongs.

Geo. Most heavenly Musick, follow me close,

Wee'le

Of Christendome.

Wee'le see the guider of this heavenly spheare,
For sure no mortall ownes it.

Clowne. Pray Sir lets backe againe, I have no minde to't,
the Sunne shines so hot, I feare we shall have some raine.

Geor. What's here, a wonder past the other beauties farre?
A Brazen Pillar, through whose impregnable body
Sticks a Sword, a Tablet, and Inscriptions
Writ upon't, wonder falls on me!
Bee'st thou enchantment, th'art the loveliest shape
That ever hels Art strove to tempt withall:
By your leave a little, it seemes these are no secrets,
Y'are open breasted, I must know your mind:
We will not stand on doubts.

*He reads, pulls out the sword: Thunder and Lightning:
a great cry within.*

I am the man, for *England*, oh y'are welcome Sir.

Clowne. Did not I tell yee? now shall I be roasted for Devils,
and my bones scorcht into small-coales: Where's the
goodly weather that we had even now? where's the tongs
and the Tailers a dancing.

Georg. Follow me slave, wee'le in, and with this
Immur'd blade, that I set free, cut out my passage through the
Gates of horror: the enchantment's done, and *Georges* happy
Some Christians may redeeme from Tyrants hate. (fate
Exit George.

Clown. Well, I were best runne away, while I have legges
to carry me: he's a good loving Master, this same honest
George, but he does lead me into more quarrels and dangers
than all the roaring *Dauids* in the world; but they are co-
wardly rascals, & I wil stay no longer, my accounts are made
even, and I will backe agen; hay day, they are at it.

*Thunder & Lightning, Devils run laughing over the stage:
Tarpax with'em.*

Tar. Come, we are freed, lets now prepare his death,
That being done, give welcome to him in confusion.

Clown. O brave, that by his likenesse and voyce should be
my Sire *Suckabus*, 'tis he; Ile take acquaintance of him.

Tar. Who's that, the issue of my *Calib*?

The Seven Champions

Begone afore I'll follow.

Exeunt spirits.

Clow. He sees me, and stayes a purpose to talke with me : I will put on my mothers good face, and salute him : pray sir, hoping that the like is the same, Father give me your blessing.

Tar. What *Susannah*? O let me kisse my boy : A blessing on my Princely sonne and heire.

Clow. Thanke you Father, I have not knowne my selfe a long time : but now your blood royall begins to plumpe up my veines. Have you brought me never a Letter from my Mother Queene?

Tar. None my sweet sonne.

Clow. Why that shews now, shee's in her Pontificalities, in my kingdome after your decease, shee never minds the sweet heire of her body, she casts me backward, as if I were unworthy to be Prince of her joyes : but I shall think on't.

Tar. Be patient sonne.

Clow. You talke you know not what; have you no Carriers in your kingdome?

Tar. Yes, divers.

Clow. Is *Hobson* there, or *Dawson*, or *Tom Long*?

Tar. I know not till I make inquiry.

Clow. Well, doe so Father ; And if you find 'em, send to me by 'em; they are honest men. Not a Letter? Can *Limbonias* Queene, and Dutchesse of *Witchfordia* so much forget her selfe, and that royall blood of hers, as not to send a Letter to me?

Tar. Lift to me my sonne, and Ile shew thee the cause, Why so thy mother and our royall selfe sent not unto thee : For hadst thou but obey'd the charge I left, Just at the parting of thy mother from thee, Thou hadst e're this beene with us gentle boy, Inthron'd and honour'd as thy Mother is : Welcom'd with tryumphs, shows, and fire-workes : Of what we want, we shall be furnisht shortly.

Clow. I would you had 'em, they'd give much content ; Oh I doe love those things a life i' faith. Have you any squibs

in

Of Christendome.

in your Coluntry? any Green-men in your shows, and Whizzers upon lines, Iacke Pudding upon Rope, or Sis in fire-workes? But pray father let me know why you did not send.

Tar. Then thus: I did not bid thee unsolace thy mind
Like a dejected low-begotten slave,
But reuell, drinke, laugh, and carowse, quarrel, and stab,
Game, wench, sweare and curse, and if thy master offend thee,
Watch him asleepe, and kindly cut his throat;
So doing, hadst thou long e're this come to us.

Clow. Forgive me this, and if the obeying of your wil, wil bring me to you, let me alone; I'le not be long from home: But Father, what, no trick, no invention to make me famous e're I come to you? why, my Mother could juggle as well as any Hocus Pocus i'th' world, and shall I doe nothing?

Tar. Here, take this paper, learne these nine words in't;
At reading the first three, I will appeare to thee,
To satisfie what ever thou demand'lt.

The vertue of the other three is this:
Look, in what place soc're thou wish thy selfe,
Or company should meet thee to thy mind,
Speake but the middle three, 'tis done:
The best and last three words carry this property;

Which once rehearst by thee,
Whom thou shalt please, shall straightwaies doat on thee,
Love thee intirely, nay, would dye for thee,
If that in pittie thou not comfortst them:
There's a jewell for my princely boy.

Clow. Oh sweet father, now thou lov'st thy boy: but you know father, I never was so well learn'd, as to say God by my speed.

Tar. The better, I would not have thee boy:
I will infuse that learning in thy braine,
That thou shalt read that whensoever thou please.

Clow. Pray read 'em over to me father.

Tar. Observe the first three words: *Hulcha, pulch, palcha*;
These three being spok, I straight appeare.
The next is *Runia, rany, runto*; then art thou

The Seven Champions

Where thou please, and in what company,
The last and best *Plagmanitis, squirts, pampistis*,
Thy love lies in thine armes.

Clowne. What a gift is here ! I will Cuckold the great
Turke, love all his Concubines, and lye with all over and o-
ver : I will beget a thousand of Giants, fill the world full of
Basterds, march with an Army Royall of 'em into my King-
dome, depose my Father, and live like a Monarch.

Tarp. Come bring me a little on my way my sonne,
He tell thee braver things than these that thou shalt doe.

Clowne. Oh my sweete father, what a man art thou !

Enter George, bringing out Ormand and his friends.

Geor. What is the cause, you tenne times worse than divels,
That thus, like Traitors, you deface and spoyle
So faire a stampe as your great Makers is ?
Why have you sold your endlesse blisse for bane ?
Had they the hopes man has shining on them,
Worlds would not gaine a life of thousand yeares,
And in those lives raigne Kings and Emperours,
Change those Celestiall joyes you might have had :
Ever lost wretches, where's your power now ?

Orm. Vanquisht by thee : that sanguine Crosse my Tablet
Blood-sheds mine eyes for to behold it worne (foretold,
And thou that Christian Knight confounds my state :
Yet as thou honourst what I feare to see,
As thou art hopefull of what's past in me,
And as thou art a Knight sworne to honour,
Grant me one small request.

Geor. If thy request in honours grant stands faire,
Give us the knowledge, we will see't perform'd,

Orm. Then spare the lives of these two harmlesse men,
Which I secur'd by safety of my charmes.

Geor. Are they not practis'd in thy horrid Art ?

Orm. Christian no.

Geo. The happier men : rise, we have no hate against yee.

Both. Live still in honour, courteous Christian Knight.

Geor. Now *Ormandine* quit this my grant

With.

Of Christendome.

With one request from me.

Orm. 'tis yours; say on.

Georg. I crave the knowledge of your former being,
Before you found the path of your destruction.

Orm. Know then, that Island seated in the Maine,
Whose crosticke sides poynts to *Barbaries* kingdome,
Was I once Duke of, the nearest parts to it is this
Of *Tartary*, the other is *Arabia*, whose Kings disturb'd
My peace and government: Briefely, by flight we sav'd our
Lives; and to revenge those wrongs I practic'd on this Art,
And since have liv'd scourges to both those Kings:
My Tablet and Piller then erected, through whose hardnesse
Stuck that temper'd blade; the riddles date on't did so strange
That I thought ever, ever to live here. (appeare,

And now you shall behold another Christian Knight,
Sent from the *Tartar* King, by oath enjoynd to fetch my
Head, this did I deeme the man, hath brought what you have,
My confusion, but missing of my fears, I entertaind him faire,
Yet dreading still least he might prove the man,
My Art hung on his eyes these charmes of sleepe,
Which till I expiate, can never wake:

His name is *David*, and a Brittain Knight. (him.

Geo. Ha, my brother! Prepare thee *Ormand*, this shall wake

Orm. Hold, do not with crimson purple your white blade
With such a hancell: give me but leave to mount
Yon storied steps, and you shall see brave Archers hit me sure:
Thinke not that I must live, would you life give,
Be good unto my friends: I falne, take up your friend & hence.

Geor. Well to your Fate: farewell. *Thunder.*

Orm. Oh are you aiming, twas time I came, you had
Fetcht me else: so, so, we are met. *Thunder strikes him.*
He that sels blisse, and would in this Art shine,
At last shall pay for't, as did *Ormandine*.

Geor. So, farewell *Ormandine*, wake *David*, wake.

Dav. Is the Inchantment past? where is this fiend, this divel?
Ormandine, your charmes no longer shall prevaile on me.

Geor. No more, they shall not noble Brittain Knight,

The seven Champions

See who with joy imbrace thee in his armes.

Dav. Brother of *England*, farre-renowned *George*,
Am I a second time enlarg'd by thee?

I shall pay Time a death indebted to thy valour.

Geo. Doe not engage so farre,
Who knows what haps attend our next adventure?

Dav. Brother, where's *Ormand*? *Geo.* Dead!

Dav. Oh I am lost, for ever lost and gone,
For ever bearing Knightly Armes agen: oh, oh

Geo. Brave *Brittain* Knight with patience heare,
Ile tell o're your owne Story.

Dav. Say on my Oracle, I will attend.

Geo. This Sword you see is mine, enchantments done,
You waken'd from deaths sleepe, think it not strange,
Ormand did declare before his death,

Your Oaths adventure for to fetch his head:

By the *Tartarian* King, your Oath shall be perform'd,

Wee'le take it off; these harmelesse men

That hither fled, onely to save their lives,

Shall you get favour'd of their King agen;

Ile beare you company unto the King,

Where we agen must part: you shall be further satisfi'd

In all what appeares darke, Ile open as we ride,

Come brother *David*, we the world that range,

Must not admire at accidents or change.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Argalio, Leonides, and spirits.

Arg. Come deare *Leonidas*, my loves sole minion,
That like the powerfull ruler of the Fates,
Turnes my restlesse *Negromantick* charmes
Into what forme best fits thy appetite:

E H

Speake

Of Christendome.

Speake my *Leonides*, prithee smile, and speake it;
Could Earth or Hell invent a guard
To shield black crimes from direfull punishment?
Walls are by Warres strong Engins raz'd and torne,
And Center-reaching cavernes of the earth,
Have oft bin made the inhabitants sad graves:
But to build thee a stronger Barracado,
I have fetcht force from underneath the Poles,
The slimy mists of darke *Avernus* Lake,
Cocitus pitchy steems are mixt with that,
And black compounded smoake the *Cyclops* send
From the foule sulphur of hot *Etna's* Forge,
All which I have compounded in a lumpe,
To make this Isle obscure and tenebrous. (heaven,
I'll tell thee friend, those furious Gyants that did warre with
Had they effected their great enterprise,
Could not more glory in their usurpation,
Than I doe in this Master-piece of Art.

Leon. True great *Argalio*,
Yet here I live as a repriv'd prisoner,
In hope of life, sure of imprisonment,
Losing the benefit of lifes repast.

Arg. In what?

Leon. In the grand losse of the all-pleasing light,
Without the which life is a misery too hard to be inflicted.

Arg. Wrong not thy judgment with that fond opinion,
Night, why 'tis the proper spheare, the Orbe of pleasure;
When doe those heires of pleasure, *Cupids* Lords,
The active Courtiers and attractive Dames,
Choose to expresse their quintessence of mirth
In sports and revells, is't not in the Night?
Night and the pleasures that she brings with her,
Shall make thee scorne day, as unnecessary:
My severall spirits in an active dance
Shall now present themselves.

Enter spirits, and dance; thunder & lightning.

Leon. Why are these terrors mixt with our delights?

Arg.

The Seven Champions

Arg. The angry heavens with common destiny, Thunder,
Reprove my sports.

Leon. As they'd oppose my finnes :

Enter Leopides with father and sister.

See, see where those poore soules,
Their murdering hands puld from the mortall
Motion of their flesh, come backe to give
The Ferry-man his hire, I am behinde hand in that
Fatall debt : but now in spight of his blacke churlish Oare,
Wee'le waft our selves unto the hoped shoare.

Arg. Correct thy feare affrighted fantasie
Against these fond illusions, see they are vanisht ;
Come unto pleasures turne, they but abuse thy thoughts.

Enter Spirits.

Spir. O great *Argalio*, call thy ablest charmes,
Never had Art more need to helpe her Mistresse :
Three bold aduenterous Knights prepare themselves
To ruine thee, and thy *Leonides* :

Aurela, Queene of this unhappy Kingdome,
Has given her best advice to further them.

Arg. Be carefull of your charge,
Downe to the infernall vaults, call up
The Legion of the lower World, and throw
Hels vengeance on them :
Come my *Leonides*, away with feare,
Should these charmes faile, which to mistrust were poore,
My Art should helpe thee with tenne thousand more. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iames.

Iam. Sure I have lost mine eyes, or else am walkt
Into eternall darknesse : I have read how wise
Vlysses saw the under world, convers'd with bold
Achylles and the *Greekes*, and then returnd alive
To earth agen, but Fables helpe but weakly,
Imitate what really I feele I have lost,
My fellowes in this endlesse night ; till now
Their voyces kept me company. *Ho Denis, Denis.*

Within.

Of Christendome.

Within. Here, here.

Iam. Where art thou man?

Den. Wading through fire, and buffetting with aire.

James. Where's *Patrick*?

Within. Here, here.

Enter Patr.

Pat. Where's my noble Spaniard?

Enter Iam.

Iam. Here, my friend.

Pat. We all came severall waies then?

Den. But a worse than I have ventur'd, never
Man set foote to: first through a Lake that
Lybias Defarts yeeld not more hot contagions,
Venome that has strooke confused terroure
Throughout all my limbes, and pierc'd my armours
Closure, then was I faine to enterpose my shield,
Betwixt me and that pondrous weight, that fell,
As if some Castles ruines had falne downe,
To crash me into nothing.

Pat. *Mulciber* like I walkt through fire,
And as the *Salamander* bathed in the flames,
Winding his body in a streame of sulphure,
So the devouring heate incompast me.

Iam. But I had musicke in my passage friends,
The Whistler and the Screech-Owle joyn'd their songs,
The boding Ravens made the consort up,
And with their multitudes prest me to earth;
But here the ayre breathes cold and gently on us:
Is not yon light? or being inur'd to darknesse,
Have not our eyes forgot their faculties?
'Tis light; what's here, a Pillar, and a Tablet on't?
The lively Taper, which not onely cleares our eyes,
So long invaded with *Cimerian* mists, but gives
Vs light, by viewing this Inscription, thereby
For to unfold this darke *Ænigma*.

Read *Denis*.

Denis Reads.

Read, and wonder, you that be not be
Not borne to end this prodigie.

I

The

The Seven Champions

The golden Fleece, which Iason sought,
In embleme must be hither brought,
The Floure de Luce and Harpe must ioine,
Before the Riddle you untwine.
Herias earth must yeeld a Knight,
That must extingnish this great light.
By the same water must be found,
That borne was on unvenom'd ground.
A gallion Helmet, that must hold
The water that these Charmes unfold:
That done, this land resumes her rest,
And all Inchaniments here deprest.

Either my Genius flatters my best thoughts,
Or else we three were borne to consummate
This great adventure.

Iam. 'Tis most plaine, Spaine gave me birth,
The Golden Fleece mine Armes,
The figure of that prize which Iason brought,
And to make perfect the Inscription,
Here is a Helmet fram'd in Normandy,
Which I have worne in all my travailes since.

Den. No more of doubts; Argalio and Leonides
Prepare to meete your ruine, your all potent Charmes,
Me thinks I see them flye from roome to roome,
Searching the Cavernes and obscurest Vaults
To hide their gulty heads from vengeance:
And this strong Charme, once thought invincible,
When it shall vanish like an idle dreame,
Their confidence will plague their Conscience more,
Than if they had mistrusted it before.

Iam. No more delays, but boldly lets assaile,
Our cause is good, and justice must prevaile.

Enter Argalio, and Leonides.

Leon. It cleares, it cleares:
What does thy Art availe thee,
Thou that hast said for to obscure the Sunne,
Where are they fled? hide thy selfe now *Argalio,*

Exit.

And

Of Christendome.

And hide my errours with thee, they are vaine,
As my beleeves are, that thou hast a knowledge
Above my mischieves : horſe us on the Clouds,
For nought elſe can prevent our imminent ruine.

Arg. Art thou yet doubtfull, unbeleeving boy?
Remember the large ſtretcht thoughts
I have imploy'd to arme thee, could I cauſe
Darkneſſe? could my powerfull Art hide the
Bright Sunne in his moſt royall progreſſe?
And ſhall it be confin'd by theſe oppoſers?

Leon. I cannot have a faith in theſe deluſions:
Let me deſpaire and dye; here is a ſword
Can quickly eaſe my torments, and let free
A burthend Conſcience; how freely will my ſpirit
Greet the aire of hells blacke kingdome:
There the *Thracian* ſits, hard by the ſullen
Waters of blacke *Sayx*, fingring his Lute;
To heare whoſe pleaſing ſtraines, hells Miniſters
Forget their offices, the wearied ſoules their torments,
The whole Vault reſounds his ecchoes;
Thither will I hie, and lay my troubled head
Upon his lap, and he ſhall charme me
Into endleſſe ſlumbers.

Arg. Hold braine-ſicke man, looke up for thy ſafety;
Seeſt thou this Throne by ſable ſpirits borne,
In it wee'le mount, ſo unbeleeu'd a height,
Earth ſhall appeare an attome to thine eye:
Thou ſhalt view *Cynthia* in her ſilver ſpheare,
Couch'd by *Aurora* on her Roſie bed; and make
The Sunne-God jealous of your loves:
Wee'le progreſſe over the Celeftiall Orbes,
Thence to the Windes, and view the hollow cave;
Where *Eol* fetters up the unruly broode;
Then by deſcentions pleaſing to our thoughts,
Wee'le take ſurvey of *Neptunes* watry rule,
Ride o're the boſome of the Ocean
On crooked *Dolphins*,

The Seven Champions

Amphion like, striking a well tun'd Harp,
And then to th' earth agen.

Leon. Thou hast given me a new life,
I feele a new unwonted joy assaile me,
And all my sorrowes vanish like these clouds,
That even but now inviron'd us with darknesse.

Arg. Mount then my Sonne, and as we reach the sky,
My Spirits shall salute us with sweete bayes,
Love shall bow downe his head to heare their layes,
And with himsele commander of their skill :
Will this delight thee ?

Leon. Oh my happy friend.

Enter Champions.

Pat. Earth, nor her strongest hold shall not secure 'em.

Den. O act of wonder, we in vaine pursue :
Looke how they raise themselves unto the clouds :
Oh had I wings but to ore'take
The Villaine, Divell, Inchanter.

Arg. Ha, ha, ha; fooles to imagine you could wrong *Argalio*;
I pittie you, or else my powerfull hand
Should crush you into ayre :
Stand, and admire, whilst we ascend a height
'Bove your weake thoughts.

Pat. Yet are we happy, though they scap'd
Our justice, that we have freed
The Countrey from contagion. The people
Finde this benent already ;
And harke, with shouts applaud this act
Of wonder : Lets to the Queene,
And fully give relations of all these accidents,
Then are we free for other Warlike deeds.
Vertue should still be active, apt to right
Those which are wrong'd, and good deeds to requite.

ACT V

ACTUS QUINTUS.

Enter Suckabus with bread and meate in his hand.

Clowne. Ah firrah, the world is pretty well amended with me now, thanks to my Kingly father, and his Charmes, 'twas time for me to leave the domineering Rascall, and his beggerly crew of wanderers, Groomes I may tearme them, for if they had beene Knights they would never have us'd a Prince amongst 'em so. I have travail'd five times through the world, and not a Towne, City, or Burrough in *England* but I carryed the markes on my shoulders to shew for't. The best dayes that ever I saw with 'em, was when we hir'd *Charles Waine*, and rid about the elements, that was the best twelve dayes journey that e're I had: and I remember we had good lodging at the twelve Signes, and nobly us'd, for they would not take one Penny, and to say the truth we had no money to give: but how we got up, or how the divell we got downe agen I know not: and then we fell to our old course agen, to kill every one that wee met: which course I not liking, in regard wee must fight for our victuals, I begg'd this charme of my Father, where hearing of a famous Castle of *Brandrons*, and what a brave house hee kept for Victuals, I out with my Spell, and straight wisht me there; which being no sooner utter'd, but a Hawke or a Buzard flew betwixt my legs, mounted me in the Aire, and set me downe here, where I finde whole Oxen, boyld in a Pottage-pot will hold more water than the Thames, and now having pretty well stufft my Pannier, Ile e'ne take a nap, and so wish my selfe somewhere else.

He sleeps.

The Seven Champions

Enter Brandron.

Bran. How weary am I with this forraging,
Yet cannot finde my hunted prey come in:
Have I a truce granted to a fruitfull Kingdome,
And her chiefe City, not a mile from hence,
Vpon condition I should spare his City,
Selfe, and people, to have my quicke provision hunted
Into my Iron nets, and doe they breake and baffle thus?
Is Beare and Lyon food too good for me?
Why then I see I must take paines to march,
And with my Iron Mace, pound, pash, and mortar them
And City too: oh the net is falne,
'Tis well you keepe your league.
How now, what scare-Crow's that?
A sleeping Dormouse in my Castle walls: how got he in?
I have no other Porter than my selfe,
And through the key-hole sure he could not craule;
How or which way should this small spie get in?
Sirrah awake, or with one phillip of my Iron Mace,
Ile send eternall sleepe to sieze on thee:
Awake you dog.

Clown. I, I, you say very well Father, 'tis true indeed,
And then watch him asleepe, and kindly cut his throat.

Bran. How? cut my throat? I shall prevent yee slave:
Wren of deformity awake I say.

Clown. I heare a rumbling noyse, Ile e'ne packe up my trinkets, and begon: Oh Lord what will become of me! I have wisht my selfe to have my braines beate out.

Bran. What art thou worne?

Clown. An't please you Sir, I am a Prince, a sweete young Prince, my Fathers name is *Tarpax*, Prince of the grisly North, my mothers name was *Calib*, Queene of *Limbonia*, and Dutches of *Witchfordia*.

Bran. Perish thy father and thy mother, as thy selfe shall:
Slave how gotst thou in?

Clown. I flew over the Castle wall.

Bran. Bird of the Divell, where's your wings to flye?

Clown.

Of Christendome.

Clown. If you will give me leave, you shall see me flye the same way backe agen.

Bran. No my fine Pidgeon, I will clip your wings:
Come to my Caldron, come Ile see how finely you can
Flutter there, it reekes and bubbles, there
Ile plunge thee in, there shalt thou play my Pige.
Till thou art fine, soft, plumpe, and tender sod.
And then Ile picke thy bones my dainty bird.

Clowne. O Lord, what shall become of me? boyld, O Lord,
the very terrour of that word, hath thrust the charme quite
from my head, that Charme would save me; oh sweete father
now or never helpe me, and save a Prince from boyling, a
boyld Prince is his meate else.

Bran. Dispatch my bird.

Clowne. O sweete father, now, now, now I goe else,
Boyld: oh the thought of that word: O I ha't,
Sweete Father I thanke thee,
Has put that Charme into my head
Shall make 'em all in love with me:
Now I care not.

Bran. Why when I say?

Clown. *Splagnalis squiritis pempistis.*

The Giant in a maze lets fall his Club.

Bran. Ha! The beames of wonder shootes into mine eyes,
And love and pittie hath surpriz'd my heart.

Clown. Oh sweete father, now he's mine sure, and I will
domineere.

Bran. The mornings majesty doth not so fresh break forth,
When she doth usher the Altitionate from forth his bed
Of spices, here to shine: how were mine eyes deluded,
My sweet boy, when that I thought
Deformity hung here? for which, upon my knees
I begge thy gracious pardon, and with submission,
And contrition, doe desire that favour,
But to kisse thy foote.

Clowne. My foote? no you shall kisse somewhere else,
My back-side of this hand is yours.

Bran.

The Seven Champions

Bran. I merit not that favour, heavenly boy.

Clown. Goe too, Ile have my will, my hand is yours I say.

Bran. And for that hand my whole heart is thy slave ;
Demand, and take the life of *Brandron*.

Then say, my dotage darling, canst thou love me ?

Clown. As well as I love roast Beefe :
Hast any victualls love ? I am a hungry.

Bran. Enough, my dainty boy ; the banquet of the Gods,
To which flew *Saturne*, once in thirty yeares,
Tasteth not there of more delightfome Cates,
Than Ile have for my love : come in my boy,
Walke with me hand in hand,

Thou shalt not aske, but have thy full demand. *Exeunt.*

Enter the fixe Champions.

Iam. Brothers, you are welcome all to *Brandrons* Castle.

Iam. Not *Brandron* nor his Castle
Long shall beare that name.

Pat. A strong and sumptuous habitation.

Iam. To good a Palace for a Tyrants raine.

Andr. What, shall we knock, and rouse the Monster up ?

Ant. Lets walke the round, and take a view
Of this strong Castle first ; happily we may finde
A passage in, for to surprize him
E're he thinke of us ; lets strike upon occasion,
But advantage, in Law of Armes, deserves this
Hatefull Traitor.

Pat. Your counsell wee'le allow, on, let be so :
Come Gentlemen, lets walke, but not too neare
The Castle pray, least treasons bounty
Should drop downe upon us.

Iam. What if we finde no entrance,
And he refuse our summons, and not come ?

And. That cannot be, wethen might sterue the fiend ;
His foode is dayly hunted to these nets,
And once a day we are sure to meet with him :
Then let us carefull passe about these walls. *Exit.*

Enter

Of Christendome.

Enter Clowne and Brandron.

Bran. How lik'st thou *Brandron*, and his Castle boy?

Clowne. As I am a Prince,
I was never better pleas'd in all my life.

Bran. Musicke to *Brandrons* care that thou art so.

Clowne. Now you talke of Musicke, will you heare me sing?

Bran. A contradiction to thy will, were poyson
To my thoughts: on my soules harmony.

Clowne sings.

I have a Love, as white as a Raven,

Excelling for blacknesse the snow,

She will scould, scratch, and bite

Like a Fury or Spright,

And yet she was counted no brow.

The haire of her head was like Coblers thred,

Which Som-haires doe draw through so,

Her Legges on each foote

Is so sweld with the gout,

That my love is not able to goe.

Her face bares a front, like to Weare water-spout.

Which brought mas from thence by great cunning,

With a Mill in her bum,

That did roare like a drum,

Which did set her faire nose still a running.

How like you this love?

Bran. *Orion*, that o're-strid the *Dolphine* with his *Harp*,

Nere song nor plaid such chanting melody:

Thou hast made me droufie love with thy sweet aire.

Clowne. I carry aire at both ends of my Pipe,
But this is the sweeter: come what shall we doe?

Bran. Walke with thy love, my lovely *Ganymede*,

And once a day survey my Castle round,

Then will I play with these thy silken locks,

Kisse that sweete *Venus* Mole upon thy Cheeke,

And smell unto thy sweete *Sabea* breath,

Then will we walke and view my silver fountaine,

And my silver Swans, whom next to thee,

K

I take

The Seven Champions

I take most pleasure in.

Clowne. I like that Fountaine very well,
And the three Swans that swimmes about it:
I was wishing for a Goose-pye made
Made of one of 'em but the tother day.

Bran. Little dost thou know what those Swans be.

Clowne. Why, what are they?

Bran. List, and Ile tell thee:

Those Swans are daughters to the King of *Macedon*,
Whom I surpriz'd, and kept within my Castle,
Till at the length, so scorcht with loves hot flames,
That *Brandron* needes must dye, if not enjoy:
So thinking to deflowre 'em one by one,
Each by her prayers converted to a Swanne,
And flew for safety in my golden fountaine,
And there for ever shall my *Ledas* Birds
Remaine, unharm'd by *Brandron*, or any.

Clowne. Oh monstrous, I have heard indeed that wenches
have turnd pretty Conies, Ducks, or Pigeons; but Swans, O
brave: Come whither shall we goe now love?

Leon. Up to the promontary top of my faire Castle,
There take thy pleasure of the mornings aire,
Breath'd from *Aurora's* care the Sun doth wake,
From thence to banquet upon Lyons hearts,
Ile feast the hye and strong, my *Ganymede*,
Come let us mount, pleasure's to us a toy,
My happinesse consists in thee my boy.

Enter the Sixe Champions.

Den. As yet we cannot finde a fitting place,
Where we may make a breach for entrance.

Pat. What shall we rouse him then?

Iam. A little stay, we have not yet begint the Castle walls,
The time of his approach will not be long,
For all his Iron nets are stor'd you see.

Anth. I long to see, and grapple with the monster.

Andr. Here's no man here but hath the same desire.
Come let us walke,

Enter

Of Christendome.

Enter Brandron and Clowne above.

Bran. Where art thou love?

Clowne. Here, here, as close as beggery to a Prodigall,
Ile ne're forsake yee Ile warrant.

Bran. 'Tis well; now we have attained the highest top: ha!

Clowne. Whats the matter Sir?

Bran. See, see, fixe stragling spies, wandring fugitives
Are lurking 'bout my Walls to make a breach,
And steale my Swans away; but I will downe,
And with my Iron Mace send 'em a welcome,
That their powder bones shall seeme a pastime
For the wind to play with.

Clowne. Goe to love, no more such words,
No more I say, I know 'em well enough.

Bran. Dost thou my love?

Clowne. Yes, and I am afraid you will know 'em to your
Cost: there's not a man of these, but is able to cope
With a whole army.

Bran. Ha, ha, ha.

Clowne. You were best tell me I lye:
Have you not heard of seven roaring boyes,
That made such a damnable thunder through the world,
Making Gallimafrises of all came in their way?

Bran. O the Christian cures, what then?

Clowne. These are fixe of 'em, and I'me afraid the seventh,
And that's my Master, *George of England*.

Bran. Are these the men? beshrew me heart
The largeness of their fame makes *Brandron* shrug.

Clowne. Doe not you feare for all this;
What will you say if I betray all these Champions to yee,
And bring 'em all unarm'd unto your mercy?

Bran. I cannot love thee dearer if thou dost,
But I am loath to venture thee my love.

Clowne. Take you no care for that, Ile do't,
Give me the keyes, and Then when i have got them in
Unarm'd, if we cannot make our parties good with 'em,
Wou'd you were hang'd y' faith.

Of Christendome.

Bran. Goe and befortunate, I long till thou returnst. *Exit.*

Enter Champions.

Dav. There is no hope of entrance till hee comes.

And. Shall we obscure our selves till then,
Or face the Monster at his comming out?

Dav. Obscure, no brother *Andrew*, here's not a man of us
But singly dares both meete and cope with him:
But soft, I heare the gates unlocke,
Each stand upon his guard, the Giant comes. *Enter Clown.*

Iam. Who this?
This the mighty *Brandron*?

Den. If blacke Inchantments doe not blinde mine eyes,
I well should know that habite and that person:
Send me your judgements, know you not that face?

Anth. 'Tis *Suckabus*, our brother *Georges* man.

Clown. You are not deceiv'd Sir, I'me the very same.

All. What *Suckabus*?

Clown. Gentlemen, 'tis no wonder for us that are Cham-
pions to meete at the worlds end: my master's i'th Castle.

All. How?

Clown. 'Tis as I tell yee; we saw yee out of a window
looke about the Castle walls, and laught heartily at yee, and
so did the Ladies too.

All. How, Ladies?

Clown. Yes faith Ladies: my master hath kild the Giant,
a foule great lubberly knave he was I'me sure a that: wee
had much a doe with him ere he fell: but now have wee the
bravest life with the Ladies, we doe nothing but dance with
'em al day long. You must come np unto my Master presently.

All. With all our hearts;
Lead the way good *Suckabus*.

Clowne. Nay not so hasty neither: my Master doth earnest-
ly desire you, that you would deliver all your weapons to
me, for feare of frightening the Ladies; there must no
signe of a Souldier now appeare, all must be lovers that doe
enter there.

All. With all our hearts; take 'em, and lead the way.

Clowne.

The Seven Champions

Clowne. Why now it is as it should be;
Ile bring you sweet linnen and water to refresh you, and then
into your pantables; and pump up the Ladies.

All. Excellent *Suckabus.*

Exeunt.

Enter Brandron.

Bran. Ha, ha, ha; how happy am I in this faithfull boy?
I have beheld through a chinke, the Knights
Brought in unarm'd and weaponlesse:
Oh my prosperous polititian how I love thee:
These were the Knights whom I did ever feare,
And now I have 'em all mine owne but one:
Oh here comes my boy; the newes, the newes?
My eyes best object; what are they spring'd my love?

Clowne. I, they are my owne, fast lockt in a pitfold:
But I have stranger newes to tell thee than this.

Bran. Say on, we are secure from feare and danger now.

Clowne. After my slight had fetcht 'em in unarm'd,
And Cag'd my birds fast under locke and key,
I went to fetch some weapons that I left
Behinde me at the gate porch: where peeping
Through a key-hole, by more chance I spide my Master
George of England, prancing his steede about the walls.

Bran. What's he the seventh?

Clowne. I, and the veriest kill-cow of 'em all,
These are but very punies to him.

Bran. Goe and betray him as thou didst the rest.

Clowne. Nay soft, some wiser than some: hee's no such
fellow as yee take him for; he may heare me, but he'll
see me hang'd ere he trust mee; for indeed I have beene
so trusty to him, that he'll be sure to trusse, if he catch me.

Bran. I will not venture thee: come, lets to these Knights,
If they will yeeld unto our faire demands,
And by that Christian power they doe adore,
Sweare fealty and faithfull love to us,
To fight our battailes, and our Champions prove,
'Gainst those that shall oppose our might and power,
We are their friends, and they shall live in favour;

The seven Champions

But if deniall breath from ones lip,
He and the rest shall perish instantly:
Follow me love.

Exeunt.

Enter George.

Geor. Through blacke Inchantments, misbeleeving men,
Wild beasts and monsters, and through death himselfe,
Hath *George of England* made his passage, to the desire
Of my longing thoughts; and by my
Tedious travailes have I now obtain'd,
And here I am arriv'd, where ends my fame,
Or deeper shall insculpe my honour'd name.
The Castle beares a foule usurped title,
Which I will read out of the Tyrants heart,
And backe deliver injur'd honours due,
Or dye in the attempt.

A rich and stately building:
How fast 'tis rivited into the Rocke,
As if the sure foundations and the walls were one,
How gaind'd the monster such a policy to vanquish,
And still hold it as his owne?
I have no other way but one, and this is it,
This sword, must play the Pioner for me,
Which through *Brandrons* platted coat of brasse,
Shall cut his passage to his heart:
And thus I ring deaths larum at his gate.

Enter Brandron aloft.

Bra. Ha, what hare-braind frantick Vrchin have we there?
Dost come to meete the Crowes and chatting Pyes?
They'le make a banquet of thy carkasse:
Reserve your smooth-fac'd brow to play with Ladies,
Begon I say, and doe not make reply,
For if thou urge me to a Porters paines,
The strong nerv'd *Cyclops*, who by pondrous waight,
Forg'd out the gates of Steele, neare laid such strokes,
As I will on thy childish Burgonet.
Begon I say, thou see'st I'me pittifull.

Geor. Let pittie be accepted at thy hand by such as feare

Th

Of Christendome.

Thy bug-bear tearmes, were thy deeds as much:
Therefore descend, and to my hands deliver up the keyes,
With it those Virgins, undeflowr'd and wrongd,
The daughters to the King of *Macedon*,
Or by the sacred Crosse of Christendome,
Vnder whose Banner *George of England* fights,
Ile pitch thy head upon the wall thou standst,
And Traitor like thy hatefull limbes beside.

Bra. O, we have heard of you before, but since you are so hot,
Ile fetch a Iulip for to coole your blood,
You shall be fought, and fought, and fought with too:
Betake you to your tooles, that valour tries,
For ne're till now you plaid your Master-prize, *Exit.*

Georg. I doe accept it: *Brandron* in this alone
Doe I finde thee honourable: meane time,
I will prepare to entertaine them.

Enter Brandron aloft, with all the Champions and Clowne.

Bran. Hollow once more, looke up and see,
If these thou conquerst, then thou copst with me,
But not before: nay, never start, I know thou knowst 'em wel,
You ne're so strange were, as you must be now:
I keepe those bonds which yoakt your amities,
And I have broke those bonds: these, once what ere they were,
Are now my subjects, and all sworne to fight
In *Brandrons* quarrell, be it wrong or right.
I, and to dye in't: question them I pray.

Geor. Amazement throwes his wonders on my head:
Brother resolve me, is it so, or no?
I see y'are prisoners to his power and will,
But let me know the means that makes you so,
Lives there no foule enchantment in this place?

Dav. Brother not any.

Georg. Monster, I know thou took'st 'em not in fight;
The meanest of them there that stands by thee,
But with the quicke flames of his resolution,
Had scorcht thee into ashes: give reason then
How this should come to passe?

Bran.

The Seven Champions

Bran. One of you tell him, if you please you may.

Dav. We all arrived at one Court, the *Macedonian* Kings,
And comming hither in his wrongs behalfe,
Met with your Hell-borne *Suckabus*,
Who was before by *Brandron* entertaind;
No sooner we approacht the Castle here,
And made a gentle walke about the walls,
But running to us with great signes of joy, that slave
Came to us, told us your selfe was here,
And how the mighty *Brandron* by your hand was slaine.

Bran. Ha, ha, ha; oh my dainty boy, stand neare my love,
Here's none dares injure thee.

Clowne. Looke how Master *George* on foote-backe frownes
on me, but I care not.

Dav. Further he told us 'twas your faire request,
Having sweete Musicke and faire Ladyes with you,
We should come in unarm'd and weaponlesse:
We being joyfull, thinking truth he spake,
Were all betray'd, and so to *Brandron* led,
And so our lives were granted, on condition,
His wrong or right to guard against the world.

Geor. Brood of the Divell thou shalt pay for this.

Clown. Thy worst, I defie thee.

Geor. What we must fight then?

Om. Brother we must.

Geor. Well then, what remedy?
But tell me *Brandron*, ere we beginne,
Since thou hast set this quarrell on our heads,
Shall I have faire and single opposition?

Bran. Champion thou shalt.

Geor. Scale it with your oath, and then 'tis firme.

Bran. Why by the *Ethiopes* stampe, yon burning ball,
I vow; and this I furthermore will promise,
That each severall Combatant shall beare severall armes;
And to thy selfe, from our rich Armory,
Weapons Ile send compleat, although mine enemy:
Here, take the keyes, my boy, and see each weapon fitted

Both

Of Christendome.

Both for him and them : meane time, heare will we sit
Spectators of their deedes : Oh they are met.

*Enter Champions severally, arm'd ; weapons
brought for George.*

Da. Y'are welcom to our castle: I'me your first man brother
Geor. You are welcome.

Dav. For *Brandron*, and his right.

Geor. For *England*, and the *Brittaines* doe I fight. *fight.*

Brother y'are mine, your quarrell is not good. *David is*

Da. What I have lost, then call it *Brandrons* blood. *orecome.*

Geor. You are noble. Come the next.

And. That's I for *Brandron*. *fight.*

Geor. I stand for *Scotland* now.

And. You have wonne it fairely ; take it as your owne.

Geor. Y'are welcome home.

And. And I am glad it is so well falne out.

*Each fight their severall Combates : George overcomes
them all : Brandron stampe.*

Geor. Let us unite our brother-hoods againe.

You are welcome to your liberty.

Om. We joy to see't.

Iam. There are the keyes, enter, and sieze on *Brandron*.

Bran. Am I betray'd?

Dav. Each hath the best done to defend your state,
Then yeeld thee to the mercy of our brother.

Bran. First will I headlong throw me from this Tower,
And dash my braines 'gainst the craggy rocks,
That murmures at the fall of *Brandron* :

No, Christian slaves, you shall not write

Your glories in my blood, to say,

The mighty *Brandron* fell by you :

Brandron wins glory to himselfe to yeeld,

And thus will conquer *Brandron* in the field,

He beates out his owne braines.

Geor. One ruine ends for to beginne another:

Enter the Castle, seeke the slave his man.

And give his guerdon for his treachery.

Of Christendome.

Dav. That will we doe; follow me *Anthony.* *Exit.*

Geor. What drum is that? lets in, and stand upon our guard.

Pat. It is our friend, the King of *Macedon.*

That comes to gratifie our victory.

Geor. Wee'le greete him with a token of our loves.

Enter the King, Drumme, Colours, and Souldiers.

Mac. I come in loving quest of you, brave Christian Knights,
Who since your absence from our mournfull Court,
In this adventure tooke in our behalves,
Feare made us doubt your safety and your lives:
Wherefore resolv'd, in quittance of your losse,
More than the wrongs I did sustaine before,
Made us thus change onr mournfull blacke for steale,
And arm'd with dreadlesse danger of our lives,
Came thus resolv'd, to fight, and dye for you.

Pat. You have out-done us in your noble minde:
Brother of *England*, embrace this aged King:
And reverend Sir, doe you the like by him;
This the seventh, which in this enterprise,
Redeem'd us from the hateful hands of treachery.

Mac. I joy to see such worth abound in man,
May honours spring send Garlands for thy brow,
And victory still dwell on thy triumphant arme:
I glory in your conquest.

Geor. Which glory once more shines upon thy head;
The hatefull monster, that usurpt so long,
And kept poore *Tenopas* in dread and aw,
Hath Iustice from his owne hand done himselfe,
And you are honour of your losse agen;
Therefore reserve it as our loving deed,
And weare it as our favour.

Mac. You so enrich me with your love and bounty,
My life and kingdome is too poore to thanke yee.
Were I assur'd of my daughters lives,
I were ascended to my height of joy.

Geor. Of that these gentlemen can more resolve yee.

Own. We never knew, nor saw no Ladies there.

Mac.

Of Christendome.

Mac. Why then they are dead :
Sweete peace rest with their soules.

Enter with the Clowne.

Clowne. As you are gentlemen use not a Prince so hardly:
what I have done was meere out of love ; because I would
have you staid men, men of biding, to be forth comming,
though not every houre comming forth : Master *George*, for
my Queene mothers sake, that kild your father and mother,
and kept you in a Cave, have compassion upon me.

Geo. Dispatch, and hang the slave.

Clown. What shall I do now ? I have been calling to my fa-
ther for helpe, and he does nothing, but stands and laughs
at me, and will not put my charme in my head.

Dav. Nay come away good *Suckabus*.

Clown. Which is the King of *Macedon*, I pray ?

Mac. I am my friend, but cannot save thy life,
Because thou didst betray these gentlemen.

Clown. I doe beseech thy Kingly worship to save my life, &
I will bring you where your daughters are.

Clown. Thou powrest fresh blood into our empty veines,
And melts the snow that lay upon my heart :
Victorious Knights, as much renowned for pittie,
As for valour, upon my aged knees I beg the life
Of this condemned wretch.

Geor. You must not kneele: upon condition that thou dost
Thy words, we will not onely give thee life, (performe,
But guard on thee with rich rewards, and love :
But if thy feare delude us, hoping to save thy life —

Clown. Why you may hang me then, that's all the care I
take.

Mac. And wilt thou bring me to my daughters friend ?

Clown. Come follow me, Ile lead you a dance. *Sings,*

Three whittings they cockle, and see in their luddle,

Sing bay Cocke without a combe, sing cock a duddle.

Looke you, doe you see these three Swans ? these Swans were
once the Daughters, Ducks and Darlings to the King of *Ma-*
cedon.

The seven Champions

Geor. Those were the Swans that in the fountaine liv'd:
Did not I tell you what this slave would do?
Dispatch and hang him straight.

Mac. I doe beseech yee spare him;
And noble Knights, thus for to let you know,
I doe give faithfull credit to his words;
Heare me relate what once my daughters told me;
The eldest having priviledge of Birth,
Came to me first for to relate her dreame,
And askt me if I could interpret it;
I answerd, as I had small faith in dreames,
So I had lesse knowledge to expound the meaning.
Yet went she on; I dreamt, said she, my sisters and my selfe
Were playing round about your golden fountaine,
When suddenly we all three were surpris'd,
By a fierce savage and inhumane Monster,
And as his flaming Lust did us pursue,
We turnd to Swans, and in the fountaine flew.
As she related so did both the rest,
And all three had one dreame.

Clown. Ile assure you, the Giant that is dead told me the selfe
same tale, and how he would have done something to 'em, but
having three Eccles by the taile they slippt out of his fingers, &
flew like Swans into the golden fountaine.

Mac. This doth confirme it more: oh my Swans, my girles!
Come shall we sing our Requiem together?
And at the stretching out your silver wings,
Your aged father falls and dies with you.

Geo. Take comfort, royal *Macedon*, as heaven for to preserve
Their honours, chang'd their shapes, it may be pleas'd
For to restore't agen, for after prescripts to beleevyng men,
And would you but become ———

Mac. In that Ile interrupt yee: hold I pray,
Let me imbrace you all; nay, take sure hold:
Though clouds of darknesse did my cleare shine smother,
I am converted to each here a brother.

Omn. A happy conversion.

Geor.

Of Christendome.

Geor. Blest *Macedon*, thou hast sent a gift to heaven,
Borne upon Angels wings ; *The swans turne.*
And is by us on earth here ratified,
Which without this could never have beene done.

Omn. O father, father, happy are we now.

Mac. My blessing on my Swans, my new found joyes :
We all are Christians now.

Omn. Oh happy state !

Georg. Each Lady doth deserve a Monarchs bed.

Mas. Renowned Knights, may we desire to know,
Which of you are unmarried ?

An. De. Pat. We are.

Geor. Then here's three Ladies, take 'em to your beds.

Mac. *George* highly honours aged *Macedon*.

3 *Knig.* But can the Ladies love accord with us ?

3 *Lad.* Most willingly.

3 *Knig.* We thus then seale our contracts.

Geor. Which thus we ratifie :

Sit with the Brides, most noble *Macedon*,
And since kinde fortune sent such happy chance,
Wee'le grace your Nuptialls with a souldiers dance.

They dance.

Mac. True noble Knights, how am I honour'd in you ?

Georg. No more good *Macedon* : pray lead the way,
Wee'le see your Nuptiall Rites,
That taske once done,
We must abroad for fame of Christendome.

FINIS.

11^{os} full

